

THE  
LADY-ERRANT.  
A  
Tragi-Comedy.

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Written by  
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LONDON,  
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## The PROLOGUE.

**S**Acred to your Delight  
Be the short Revels of this Night;  
That Calme that in yond Myrtles moves,  
Crowne all your Thoughts, and Loves :  
And as the fatall Tree-tree shews  
No Spring among those happy Boughs,  
So be all Care quite banisht hence  
Whiles easie Quiet rocks your Sence.

We cannot here complain  
Of want of Presence, or of Train;  
For if choice Beauties make the Court,  
And their Light guild the Sport,  
This honour'd Ring presents us here  
Glories as rich and fresh as there ;  
And it may under Question fall,  
Which is more Court, This, or White-Hall.

Be't so. But then the Face  
Of what we bring fits not the Place,  
And so we shall pull down what ere  
Your Glories have built here :  
Yet if you will conceive, that though  
The Poem's forc'd, We are not so ;  
And that each Sex keeps to it's Part,  
Nature may plead excuse for Art.

As then there's no Offence.  
Giv'n to the Weak or Stubborn hence,  
Being the Female's Habit is

Her owne; and the Male's his :  
So ( if great things may steer by less )  
May you the same in looks expresse :  
Your Weare is Smiles, and Gracious Eyes ;  
When ere you frown'tis but disguise.

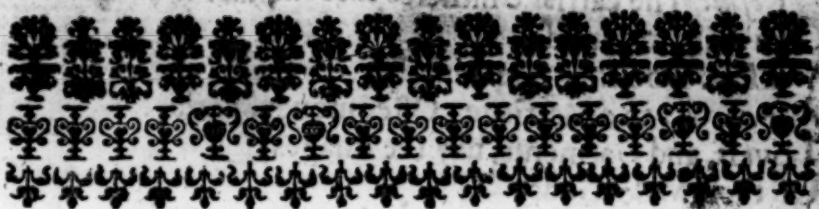
The



## The PERSONS.

<b>D</b> emarchus	King of Cyprus.
<b>D</b> inomachus	King of Crete.
<b>Ch</b> aristus	Son to <i>Dinomachus</i> .
<i>Philondas</i>	} Two Lords of Cyprus, the one
<i>Pastannus</i>	
	} Husband to <i>Florina</i> , the o-
	} ther to <i>Malthora</i> .
<i>Olyndus</i>	} A young Lord of Cyprus, left
	} at home by reason of sick-
	} nels.
<i>Lerinus</i>	} 3. Courtiers left at home.
<i>Ganyxfor</i>	
<i>Iringus</i>	
<b>3</b> Priests	Belonging to <i>Apollo's</i> Temple in Crete.
<i>Adraſte</i>	Queen to <i>Demarchus</i> .
<i>Lucasſia</i>	Daughter to them.
<i>Florina</i>	} Two Ladies ſadly bearing the Ab-
<i>Malthora</i>	
	} ſenſe of their Lords.
<i>Coſmeta</i>	} Three buſie factious Ladies,
<i>Pandena</i>	
<i>Rhodia</i>	
	} and contrary to the two for-
	} mer.
<i>Eumela</i>	A young Lady Confident to the
	Princesſes.
<i>Macheſſa</i>	A Lady-Errant for the time.
<i>Philanis</i>	Her Page.

The Scene CYP RUS.



# The Lady-Errant.

## ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Cosmeta, Pandena, (Rhodia between them) busily  
discoursing in the Myrtle Grove.*

*Cos.*



And if you see not Women plead, an-  
judge,  
Raife, and depress, reward, and pu-  
nish, carry  
Things how they please, and turn the  
Politique dore

Upon new hindges very shortly, never  
Beleeve the Oracle.

*Rhod.* Could I see't 'twould prove  
An Antidote against old Age, and make me  
Grow younger still without Expençe or Art.

*Pan.* You sin past pardon *Rhodia*, if you doubt it.

*Cos.* The plot's most firm and strong.

*Pan.* The Means advis'd.

## The *LADY-ERRANT*.

*Cosm.* The carriage hitherto successfull; we  
Gain daily to our side.

*Rhod.* Doe they come in?

*Pan.* As to a Marriage; Offer money, Plate,  
Jewels, and Garments, nay the Images  
Of their Male-Gods.

*Cosm.* The very name of Rule  
Raises their Blouds, and makes 'em throw their Wealth  
Away as heartily, as if they were  
Young Heires, or old Philosophers.

*Rhod.* Why then,  
There's one care sav'd *Cosmeta*.

*Cosm.* What's that pray?

*Rhod.* I was preparing strong Preservatives  
Against our Lords came home, for fear of fainting  
At their Arrivall.

*Pan.* They'd have smelt indeed  
Of Labour, Sweat, Dust, Man, and Victory.

*Cosm.* And such grosse Rustick scents, that a Court nose  
Without the patience of a Stoick, could not  
Have possibly endur'd them,

*Rhod.* I believe  
They'd have encreas'd the Bill, and some would weekly  
Have dy'd of the Lords Return from the *Cretan War*;  
What growth's your Plot of Madam?

*Cosm.* O it ripens  
Past expectation! See, Besides our selves } *Puls out a*  
Eleven Court-Ladies on the Roll already; } *Roll.*  
*Hyantha* then sends word, that ten, or twelve  
Very substantiall Countrey-Ladies have  
Subscrib'd three days ago.

*Pan.* My Province here,  
The City-wives, swarm in, strive, and make means  
Who shall command their Husbands first.

*Cosm.* And then

OF

# The *LADY-ERRANT*.

3

Of Countrey Gentlewomen, and their eldest daughters,  
More than can write their Names ; 'Tis now past danger.

*Rhod.* But, 'Madam, how'l you gain the men at home?

*Cos.* For that brace & half of Courtiers there, *Ganyſtor*,  
*Lerinus*, and *Iringus*, they are mine,  
Fast in the Net, if I but pitch it only. (ly.

*Rhod.* Look where they come, pray ſweare 'em preſent-

## ACT. I. SCEN. II.

*Ganyſtor, Lerinus, Iringus.*

*Cosm.* I'll give 'em but my hand to kiſs, and 'twill  
Bind 'em as faſt, as if it were the holieſt  
Of the beſt *Sibyls* Leaves.

*Pan.* Favour your tongues ;  
Let's lie in Ambuſh here a while, and liſten  
What they diſcourſe of.

*Rhod.* Why of Women I warrant y'.

*Cosm.* Peace *Rhodia*, peace, cloſe ſweet *Pandena*, cloſe!

*Irin.* *Lerinus*, this hath been the worſt Spring that  
I ever knew.

*Lorin.* Faith it has', for *Flora*  
Still challeng'd it before, but now *Bellona*  
Hath got the time : Roſes and Violets were  
The fruit o'th' Seafon formerly, but now  
Laying, and raiſing Sieges : Building up  
And pulling down of Caſtles ; Manning, and  
Demoliſhing of Forts have ſign'd the Months.

*Gan.* Where beauteous Ladies ſlumber'd, & were guarded  
By the enamor'd Lizards (as if *Cadmus*  
In envy had reſerv'd ſome Serpents teeth  
And ſown 'em there ) hard watchings and rough Guards  
Fill and make up the field.

(*Cosm.* Moſt ſmoothly ſaid,  
And like a Cowardly Poet.

*Irin.* There's a feare



The Women too will rise at home.

*Ler.* Their fingers  
Itch to be tampr'ing with the wheels o'th' State.

*Gan.* 'Tis very well my Lord *Olyndus* then  
Is left at home.

*Ler.* How does his Lordship now?  
Still angry that his Majesty would not let  
His Sickness go against the Enemy?

*Irin.* He finds the hardest Wars at home, he hath  
Visits, and Onsets, that molest him more  
Than all his griefs. He now complains of health;  
The eager Ladies do besiege him hourly,  
Not out of love so much, as want of men;  
Any thing now, that wears but Breeches only,  
Is plotted, and projected for as much  
As a new Fashion, or an Office 'bove Stairs,

*Ler.* They do call this their time of Persecution,  
Swear they are living Martyrs.

*Gan.* Then the Punishment  
Must make 'em so; I'm sure the cause will never.

*Ler.* A man is striven for as eagerly  
As the last loaf in a great depth of Famine.

*Irin.* You won't believe what I shall tell you now;  
*Pandena* and sweet *Rhodia* at this instant  
Both love me, hate each other, eager Rivals;  
The one enshrines her Mellons in pure Chrystall,  
And as the fruit doth ripen, so her hopes  
Of me doe ripen with it——

(*Pan.* Monstrous fellow!)

*Irin.* The other counts her Apricots, and thinks  
So many kisses grow there; lays 'em naked  
And open to the Sun, that it may freely  
Smile on her vegetable Embraces.

(*Rho.* Good! do you hear this, Madam?)

*Cof.* Peace and let him on.

*Irin.*



## The *LADY-ERRANT*.

*Irin.* The one presents me, and the other presents me  
Gums, Spicknard-boxes, Fruits, and early Roses,  
Figs, Mushrooms, Bulbi, and what not? I am  
More reverenc'd than their Household-God, and taste  
Their store before him still.

(*Cosm.* Close yet for my sake.)

*Irin.* And proud *Cosmeta*——

(*Pan.* Nay you must hear't out too.)

*Irin.* She, that, if there were Sexes 'bove the Moon,  
VWould tempt a Male Idea, and seduce  
A Separate Hee-Substance into Lewdness,  
Hath smil'd, glanc'd, wink'd, and trod upon my toes,  
Sent smooth Epistles to me, whom I let  
Pass unregarded, as a suing Beauty,  
And one that makes my triumph up——  
[*As he speaks Cosmeta and the other two Ladies approach.*  
Fair Ladies

You make my Triumph up in that I see you.

*Cosm.* VWhat? have you been at the VVars then Cap-

*Irin.* Madam

(tain?

I've stood o'th' shore, and wisht well to our Fleet.

*Ces.* If that be all, pray how comes so much Crest,  
And Scarfe, and Boot to be misplac'd on you?

*Gan.* Is't not a time of VVar, dear Lady?

*Pan.* You follow

The times then, though you won't the Camp.

*Ler.* 'Tis fit

VVe should be in the Field-fashion however.

*Rho.* 'Cause you intend the VVars at home perhaps.

*Irin.* Troth the beleagering of you, Lady, will  
Hardly deserve the name of a Siedge; you'll yeeld  
So easily on the first approach.

*Cosm.* You doe

Mistake her, Sir, she means, that you intend  
To take great Towns at home——

*Pan.*

*Pan.* Demolish Castles,  
And high-built Pyes at once——

*Rho.* Gaine Sconces 'twixt  
The first and second Course——

*Cosm.* And in the vertue  
Of the large *Cretan* Jar kill men at Table.

*Irin.* No Lady, we do stay at home to make 'em.

*Pan.* The Wars indeed 'll exhaust the Kingdom much.

*Cosf.* And fit tis that should some way be supply'd.

*Irin.* You won't corrupt me, Madam? pray forbear.

*Cosf.* No, Sir, I will not do the State that harm;  
For the Corruption of one Coward must  
Needs be the Generation of another.

*Ler.* I'll warrant th'Issue will be truly valiant.

*Rho.* And how so Captain *Stay-by-it*?

*Pan.* Madam, he  
Can neither fight nor speak; I'll tell you how.  
That you're a Coward, Sir, is granted: Thus then;  
Either your Father was valiant, or was not.

*Irin.* A very sure division, Lady, that.

*Pan.* If he were valiant, and you a Coward,  
'Tis your Sons course next to be valiant;  
But if he were not valiant, and that  
You are a Coward of a Coward, then  
Your Lineall Issue must be valiant needs,  
Because two Negatives make an Affirmative.

*Cosm.* A most invincible Argument!

*Irin.* This shall not  
serve I assure you, say what e're you will  
You shall not reason me to your Bed-side.

*Rho.* No, Sir.

*Cosf.* Not though we send you Mellons?

*Pan.* Ripen'd Hopes?

*Rho.* Apricocks, Figges?

*Pan.* Vegetable Embraces.

*Cosm.*

*Cof.* And smooth Epistles? Go you vile abusers  
Of what you cannot compass; 'cause you nourish  
Desires, you will discharge the sin on us.

*Irin.* Ladies you're much deceiv'd: had you the Apho-  
Of th'Art perfect, that each word should go (rises  
With a designe, that not an Eye should be  
Lift up, or cast down without mystery—— (looks,

*Ler.* Could you force sighs, faigue passions, manage  
Season your jests, speak with a Manner still——

*Gan.* Should you consult a Decade of Chambermaids,  
And sadly advise with your Chrystall Oracles,  
In which Attire your Beauties would appear  
Most strong; in what contrivance your sweet Graces  
Would be most fierce, and overcome Spectators,  
You should not have one look to quench the fire.

*Ler.* You shall be Vestals by compulsion still——

*Irin.* You shall make Verses to me e're I've done;  
Call me your *Calius*, your *Corinnus*, and  
Make me the-Man o'th' Book in some Romance,  
And after all I will not yield.

*Rho.* You're got  
In a safe field of Discourse, where you  
Are sure, that Modestie will not suffer us  
To answer you in a direct line.

*Cofm.* You were  
Wont to go whining up and down, and make  
Dismall Soliloquies in shady Woods——

*Pan.* Discourse with Trees——

*Rho.* And Dialogue with Eccho's——

*Cof.* Send Messages by Birds, make discreet Thrushes  
Your trully Agents 'twixt your Loves and you——

*Rho.* Which Loves you call'd Nymphs——

*Cof.* When indeed they were  
Milkmaids, or some such Drudges. This your rating  
And prizing of your selves, and standing off,

Comes

Comes not from any bett'ring of your Judgements,  
But from your Mouth's being out of taste.

*Pan.* Pray y' what  
Employment are you fit for?

*Ler.* He assure you  
None about you.

*Cof.* Their whole Employment is  
To goe Embassadors 'twixt retir'd Ladies——

*Pan.* To ask how this great Ladies Physick wrought——

*Rho.* Give an account o'th' vertue of her Drugs.

*Cof.* Make perfect Audit of the Tale of sighs  
Some little Dog did breath in his first sleep:  
Goe you Reproach and Refuse of your Countrey.

*Gan.* You speak most valiantly Heroick Lady.

*Ler.* Pray *Venus* you permit the Lords to rule  
The Common-wealth again, when they come home.

*Pan.* Know Sir, they shall not——

*Cof.* And you shall consent,  
Ayd, and assist us in't in spite of you,  
Willing or unwilling, all's one.

*Irin.* Wee'll leave you.

*Gan.* Your Company grows dangerous.

*Ler.* 'Tis half Treason  
To hear you talk.

*Pan.* Before you 'tis very safe. *Ex. Gan. Irin. Ler.*  
You'll never dare t'engage your selves so much  
I'th' Army, as to inform the King o't.

*Rho.* Come,  
Let us away too.

*Cof.* We will vex 'em through  
All sorts of Torment, meet 'em at each Corner,  
Write Satyrs, and make Libels of 'em, put 'em  
In Shows, & Mock-Shows, Masques, & Plaies, present 'em  
In all Dramatique Poetry: they shall  
Be sung i'th Markets, wee'll not let 'em rest

Till

The *LADY-ERRANT*.

9

'Till themselves sue to be o'th' Female Covenant.

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

To them *Eumela*.

*Pan.* **B**Ut hold, here comes *Eumela*.  
*Cof.* Lady Secretary

Unto our future State, God give you joy.

*Eum.* You bestow Offices, as City Mothers  
After their Travail, do give Flowers between  
Their House and *Juno's* Temple, to the next  
They meet, or as you do your Ribbands, to  
Entangle, not Reward.

*Pan.* Then you are Wise  
And Politique still——

*Rho.* Of the Male-fashion Lady?

*Cof.* And you will suffer by Prescription still?  
But to be serious now; what do you do? (Rule:

*Eum.* That which you would, if you should come to  
Wake, Sleep, Rise, Dress, Eat, Visit, and Converse,  
And let the State alone.

*Cof.* Y're very short.

*Eum.* Indeed I am somewhat now in haste; I'm going  
To meet a pair of Ladies, that would willing  
Keep their own Sex, and not turn Lords.

*Pan.* You mean  
*Florina*, and *Malthora*, those that are  
Sad now, that one day they may be in History  
Under the name of Turtles.

*Cof.* What Dialect may  
Those Ladies grieve in? *Dorick* or *Ionick*?  
Doe they make Verses yet?

*Eum.* Their Manners are  
A kind of *Satyr* upon yours; though they

Intend



Intend it not, the people read 'em so.

*Rho.* 'Cause they have laid aside their Jewels, and so  
Blinded their Garments——

*Cof.* 'Cause they eat their sweet-meats  
In a black Closet, they are counted faithfull,  
The sole *Penelope's* o'th' time, the Ladies  
Of the chaste Web i'th' absence of their Lords.

*Eum.* Your sadnesse would be such perhaps, if you  
Would take the pains to shew the Art of Mourning.

*Rho.* Is there another way of grieving then?

*Eum.* This is not grief, but stands to be thought grief:  
They are not of such vaunting popular sorrow;  
Their Tapers are not dy'd in dismall hue,  
And set in Ebon Candlesticks; they wear  
No sad black Sarcenet Smocks, nor do they smutch  
Their women, to be serv'd by mourning Faces;  
This were to grieve to Ostentation,  
Not ro a reall friendship.

*Pan.* Is there friendship  
Think you 'twixt man and wife?

*Eum.* You'll say, perhaps,  
You, and your Husband, have not been friends yet.

*Pan.* Madam, you prophecy.

*Eum.* I might be thought t'have done so,  
Had I foretold a truth to come, but this  
Is History already.

*Cof.* If they do not this,  
Nor wear the day out in a hoodwinkt room,  
Where there's no living thing besides the Clock,  
Nor yet take Physick to look pale, what doe they?

*Eum.* They grieve themselves, their Doctor grieves not  
They do that in the Absence of their Lords [for them:  
That you would in the Presence of your own.

*Cof.* You see we look as fat, and fair as ever——

*Eum.* Your Kitchen's warm, your Box, and Pencils  
fail not.

*Pan.*



*Pan.* — VVe are as long in dressing as before——

*Eum.* And have the same Romancys read, the same Letters brought to you, whilst y<sup>e</sup> are doing it.

*Rho.* —Sleep, and take rest, as then, and altogether Speak as much wit as we did before the wars.

*Eum.* And to as little purpose.

*Cos.* Fie *Eumela*!

That you should be so obstinate, as to hear VVealth, Honour, Pleasure, Rule, and every good Knock at your door, and yet not let 'em in.

*Eum.* Madam, I know my Looking-glasse wo'n't shew The altering o'th' State, when it presents The changes of my Face, and that I cannot Order the Kingdome, as I do my Hair.

Enter *Florina* and *Malthora*.

*Pan.* Yonder's your business; Madam, there are three Sad things arriv'd, two Ladies and a Lute.

*Cos.* But shall I write you down before you go The thirteenth in the Rowl of the Asserters Of Female Liberty?

*Eum.* If Liberty be the thing You so much stand for, pray you give me mine; I neither grant, nor yet deny; I will Consider.

*Cos.* VVe dismiss you, Madam, then Unto your serious Counsell.

*Eum.* Fare you well.

*Exeunt Cosm. Pan. Rho.*

ACT.

## ACT I. SCEN. IV.

*Eumela* goes to *Florina* and *Malthora* who  
are late in the Grove.

*Elo.* **O** Come, *Eumela*, thou dost know, without thee  
Our thoughts are Desarts, Rocks, and Sands,  
That either Nature's absent from, or hath (and all  
Reserv'd unto her self alone.

*Eum.* I bring you  
Noise, Trouble, Tumult, and the World; but if  
There were that power in my worthless presence,  
That I could cast a day upon your thoughts,  
You should not think of Places that are sacred  
To Night, and Silence: Visits still, and Feasts  
And the whole Ring and Throng of Mirth should stir  
In your delighted Souls.

*Mal.* Prethee *Eumela*  
Is there no secret ancient Grove, that hath  
Stood from the birth of Nature to this time,  
Whose vast, high, hollow Trees seem each a Temple,  
Whose paths no curious Eye hath yet found out,  
Free from the Foot and Axe.

*Eum.* If I could tell you  
It were found out already.

*Flo.* Hast thou read  
Of any Mountain, whose cold frozen top  
Sees Hail i'th' Bed, not yet grown round, and Snow  
I'th' Fleece, not Carded yet, whose hanging weight  
Archeth some still deep River, that for fear  
Steals by the foot of't without noise.

*Eum.* Alas!  
These are the things, that some poor wretched Lover  
Unpittied by his scornfull Shepherdesse

VWould

Would wish for, after that he had look'd up  
Unto the Heavens, and call'd her Cruell thrice,  
And vow'd to dye.

*Flor.* I prethee pardon me ;  
I live without my self.

*Enm.* But I have read  
Of a tall secret Grove, where loving Winds  
Breathing their sighs among the trembling Boughs,  
Blow Odes, and Epods ; where a murmuring Brook  
Will let us see the Brother to our Sun,  
And shew's another World there under water.

*Mal.* Prethee let's go, and find it out, and live there.

*Enm.* Our Ancient Poet *Linus* somewhere sings  
Of some such thing.

*Mal.* Thou alwaies dost deceive us ;  
Thou told'st us of an Eccho too, and when  
Thou brought'st us to it, thou had'st put *Philanis*  
Behind the Wall, to give us all the Answers.

*Flor.* Yes, and thy bringing in my Father's Dwarf  
With Bow and Wings, and Quiver at his back,  
Instead of *Cupid*, to conveigh us Letters  
Through th' Air from hence to *Crete*, was but a trick  
To put away our sadness. But I had  
Almost forgot what we came for, I prethee  
Take up the Lute there, and let's hear the Ode ;  
That thou did'st promise us ; I hope 'tis sad.

The Ode sung by *Enmela*.

**T**O carve our Loves in *Myrtle* rinds,  
And tell our Secrets to the Woods,  
To send our Sighs by faithful Winds,  
And trust our Tears unto the Flouds ;  
To call where no man hears,  
And think that Rocks have Ears ;

To

*To Walke, and Rest, to Live, and Dye,  
And yet not know Whence, How, or Why;  
To have our Hopes with Fears still checkt,  
To credit Doubts, and Truth suspect,  
This, this is that we may  
A Lover's Absence say.*

*Follies without, are Cares within;  
Where Eyes do fail, there Souls begin.*

*Mal.* Thou art a harmlesse Syren fair *Eumela*.

*Flor.* 'Tis very true indeed; thou feed'st at once,  
And dost correct our follies: but wert thou  
As we, thoud'st do the like.

*Eum.* For Love's sake tell me  
VVhy should you seek out Groves, where the bright Sun  
Can make no day, although he throw upon 'em  
VVhole floods of Light, Places where Nature will  
Be blind in spite of Him? VVhy should you fancy  
Caves fit to write sad Revelations in?  
Or why a Lover stretcht on shaggy Moss  
Between two Beds of Poppey to procure  
One Minut's slumber?

*Flor.* These, *Eumela*, are not  
The Journyes but Digressions of our Souls,  
That being once inform'd with Love, must work,  
And rather wander, than stand still. I know  
There is a VVisdom to be shewn in Passions;  
And there are stayd and settled griefs: I'll be  
severe unto my self, and make my Soul  
Seek out a Regular Motion, towards him  
VVhom it moves to, and thou shalt shortly see  
Love bleed, and yet stoop to Philosophy.

ACT

ACT I. SCEN. V.

*Olyndus and Charystus toward them.*

*Eum.* **M**Adam I must away ; *Olyndus* yonder  
Is hasting towards me.

*Mal.* Farwell *Eumela*,  
Be ever happy.

*Flor.* And may some good God  
Cherish thy Loves, as thou dost cherish others. *Ex. Fl. & Ms.*

*Eum.* My Lord *Olyndus*, what's your bus'ness to me ?

*Olyn.* Vertuous *Eumela*, you must doe me the favour  
To give this Letter into th' Prince's's hands  
With all the speed and secrecy you may.

*Eum.* I carry with me Night, and wings my Lord. *Ex.*

*Cha.* O my *Olyndus*, were there not that thing  
That we call Friend, Earth would one Desert be,  
And Men Alone still, though in Company. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCENE I.

*Macheffa, Philænis, and after a while Cosmeta,  
Pandena, Rhodia.*

*Mac.* **G**ive me my Javelin; hangs my Fauchion right ?  
Three Lady's sayst thou? So! go fetch'em in now.

What? goes the Tilting on I mention'd? Is there  
No Jutt, nor Turnament yet granted out? { *En. Pan.*  
{ *Cos. Rho.*

*Cos.* You're well appointed Madam.

*Mac.* How I hate  
That Name of Madam, it befits a Chamber:  
Give me the words o'th' Field, such as you'd give  
To fairer Ladyes pricking o'r the Plains



On foaming Steeds. But I do pardon you.  
Shews not this Scarf and Fauchion far more comely,  
Than poultry, pyebald Ribbands, and young Bodkins?

*Par.* You wear a rigid Beauty, fierce Delights.

*Rho.* Your Pleasures threaten, and your stubborn Graces  
Tempt, and defend at once.

*Mach.* Why now y' are right.  
And what say'st thou, my little Noon-tide shadow?  
My trusty Pigmy?

*Phil.* Now indeed, and truly —

*Mach.* Hell o' these sumpring Protestations!  
Thou sinfull Inch of short Mortality,  
Give Ear to my Instructions: here I swear  
By th' Sacred Order of my Lady-Errantry,  
If thou effeminat'st thy discourse once more  
With these precise, minc'd, Little-sisters-Vows,  
Thy breath is forfeit.

*Phi.* By that bloody Fauchion —

*Mach.* I there's a Wench, spit from the mouth of *Ma*  
*Bellona* was thy Nurse. (vors

*Phi.* — And that fierce Javelin,  
I'd rather see a Plume o'rshade your back  
With a large, generous Carelesness; than a bunch  
Of fidling Feathers hang before you, just  
As modest fig-leaves do in naked Pictures.

*Mach.* Thou little 'Vantage of Mankind, thou Grain  
That Nature put into the scales to make  
Weight to the VWorld, thou tak'st me very much.

*Phi.* The Sable Fan, which you wore last upon  
Your white Lawn-Apron, made you shew just like  
The Ace of Clubs, with a black spot i'th' middle.

*Mac.* VVhy how now little Mischief? is't not knavish  
And waggish, like a very Page o'th' Court?

*Cos.* VVhat use do you mean her for?

*Mach.* Have you not read?



To summon Knights from th' tops of Castle wals.

*Pan*. I fancy those brave Scythian Heroines;  
Those Noble, valiant *Amazons* like you.

*Mach*. Nature did shew them only as my Types.

*Cof*. There's nothing wanting but adventures : We  
shall quickly now requite the Errant Knights  
That help distressed Ladies to their wishes.

*Mach*. I'l disoblige our Sex. If that you find  
Any imprison'd, or enchanted  
Tell him *Macheffa's* his deliverance.

Said I *Macheffa*? Hold ! that word *Macheffa*  
Sailes through my Lips with too small breath. I'l have  
A Name that Mouths shall travell with : let's see?  
Wee'l put a Prologue to it : So ! I have it ;

It is concluded — *Monster-quelling-Woman-  
Obliging-Man-delivering-Macheffa*,  
She, She is his deliverance : tell him so.

*Ph*. Do she that can; I would you'd change your Name;  
'Tis longer than your Self, and if it were  
Some three foot shorter, 'twere as high as I am. [*One knocks*.

*Mach*. See who 'tis knocks ; you do not know your  
*Bellona*, hear my Name, and send Adventures. (*Office*;

## ACT. II. SCEN. II.

To them *Ganyctor*, *Lerinus*, *Iringus*.

*Cof*. **T**He Courtiers Madam ; work for us I remember.  
Pray stand aside as soon as we begin.

*Gan*. Save you *Macheffa*.

*Mach*. I've a Name besides,  
By which I mean Posterity shall know me ;  
The word is grown : 'tis *Monster-quelling-Woman-  
Obliging-Man-delivering-Macheffa*.

*Irin*. Sweet *Monster-quelling-Woman-ob*-and so forth.

Wee've brought a business to you.

*Cof.* Valiant Captain,

What is th' Affront that's most in fashion now?

*Irin.* why doe you ask me Lady?

*Pan.* 'Cause y'are wont

To receive most, and so can tell the newest;

VWhich now perhaps you come to have redrest.

*Rho.* VWhat is the strength o'th' Subject think you Sir?

*Ler.* Why what know I?

*Cof.* Who should Sir, if not you

That have so oft been beaten by all sorts,

And all degrees of men?

*Pan.* Which Lady now

Sends you most Favours?

*Rho.* VWhich most Mellons?

*Cof.* Which

Most Gums, and Spikenard Boxes?

*Rho.* Who presents you

With the best Figs?

*Pan.* The plumpest Bulbi?

*Gan.* You,

And you, and you; you will not worry me?

*Cof.* By your Periwig, Captain, but we will.

*Pan.* By your

False Teeth we will.

*Rho.* And your glasse-Eye we will.

*Ler.* For *Jove's* sake, Madam.

*Irin.* S' heart I'm not breath-proof.

*Cof.* Alas, we han't begun yet.

*Gan.* Let's beseech you.

*Pan.* We will not be beseech'd.

*Cof.* Think upon Rest,

As a past pleasure of your youth —

*Pan.* You shall not

Be idle quietly in the Presence Chamber.

*Rho.* You

*Rho.* You shan't tell lies in quiet to the Waiters.

*Cof.* Nor, when you've done, share in their meat in quiet.

*Pan.* Wee'l meet you at the *Bath* ——— (et.

*Cof.* You shall not wash  
Without disturbance.

*Pan.* At the Theater too ———

*Rho.* You shall not misconceive good Comedies  
Without vexation ———

*Cof.* And at *Flora's* Park. ———

*Pan.* You shall not cheat at little Horse-races  
Without discovery.

*Rho.* In th' Temple then ———

*Cof.* You shall not kneel in quiet at the Altars ———

*Rho.* Wee'l hearken, and observe ———

*Pan.* You shall not have  
So much free time, as to appoint a meeting  
With her knees next y' ———

*Rho.* If that y'are bid to Supper ———

*Cof.* Wee'l stay you, though y'have got a warrant to  
Ride post to eat.

*Ler.* Good Madam, be content.

*Pan.* And if y'are set ———

*Irin.* Hell, and Furies ———

*Cof.* You  
Shall rise, and prove perfidious to the hot  
Cramm'd Fowl upon your trencher,

*Gan.* Wee'l subscribe ———

Are you content?

*Rho.* And when y'are weary of  
All this ———

*Cof.* Wee'l doe all this again.

*Pan.* Wee'l keep you,  
As they doe Hawkes ———

*Cof.* Watching untill you leave  
Your wildness, and prove inward.

*Gan.* Hear y<sup>r</sup> Madam——

*Ler.* We will subscribe.

*Cof.* Come quickly then, lest that  
We take a toy, and will not let you.

*Mach.* *steps in and*  
*draws till they all*  
*pass out.*

*Mach.* Stay.

The Gods have destin'd this should be the first  
Of my Adventures—go—y<sup>r</sup> are free.

*Irin.* Our thanks

Will be too small a Re<sup>c</sup>ompence. [*Exeunt Gan. Irin. Ler.*

*Mach.* The Deed

Will pay it self; Vertue's not Mercenary:

Or, if it be, mine is not. So; I do

Begin to come in Action now. To do

And suffer, doth engross whole Nature, and

I will engross both them; I'll set all free,

But only Glory; her I'll Captive lead,

Making her Trumpet only sound my Name,

That is, the Sexe's. I am all their Fame.

How goes your Bus<sup>i</sup>ness on?

*Pan.* Vertue and Fortune

Joyn in it both.

*Cof.* *Eumela* is come over,

Hath undertook the Machin, and hath promis'd

To bring it to that pass, that neither Queen,

Nor Prince's shall gain say't. *Florina*, and

*Malthora* both have given in their Reasons,

Which I have answer'd, and convinc'd.

*Mach.* If that

It come to any danger, let me know it.

*Exeunt Mach. Phi.*

ACT.

The *LADY-ERRANT*.

21

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

To them *Eumela*.

*Rho.* **E***umela* welcome; does your business thrive?

*Eum.* Too fast.

*Cof.* What? have you sent to th' Ports?

*Eum.* All's safe.

*Macheffa's* ours you say —

*Pan.* Yes, and *Philandra*.

*Eum.* *Cleora* and *Earina* busie Sticklers,  
*Oenone* and *Hermione* sent as Emissaries  
To try the farther Cities — *Paria* hath  
A pretty stroke among the Privy Chamber.

*Cof.* You've lost no time.

*Eum.* Nor will, *Cosmeta* —

*Pfecas*, and *Dorcas*, *Cloe*, and *Plecusa*,  
*Phyllis*, and *Glaucia*, swore this morning all  
As I was dressing.

*Rho.* On what Book I pray?

*Eum.* On the Greek Epigrams, Madam, or *Anacreon*,  
I know not which: they bind alike.

*Cof.* What hopes

Have we o' th' Women of *Lapythia*?  
How stand the Dames of *Salamin* affected?

*Eum.* Why *Lycas* sent to give them a fair Largefs  
Of Loaves and Wine, & then, whiles that well cheers 'em,  
*Eugenia* brings 'em a most promising Answer  
From some corrupted Oracle, and so leads  
The superstitious Souls to what she pleaseth.  
This is a ground, a thing suppos'd. The Plot  
Is wholly now upon *Florina*, there  
It knits, and gathers, breaks, and joyns again;  
She's Wife, and Noble — we must find a way

Not



Not thought on yet to gain her.

*Pan.* But the Queen  
And Princesses —

*Eum.* They perceive the business ripens,  
That it doth move the limbs, and can for need  
Shift, and defend it self, and therefore doe  
By me make promise of a generall meeting  
As soon as may be : ith' mean time, we have  
Full leave to gather any Contributions,  
Gold, silver, Jewels, Garments, any thing  
Conducing to maintain the Publique Cause.

*Omn.* Goddels *Eumela*!

*Eum.* Goe, fall off, the Princess  
Is at hand — I'l goe mingle Counsels.

*Exeunt* *Col.* *Rho.* *Pan.*

## ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

*Lucasia* to *Eumela*.

*Luc.* **E***umela* you are come most opportunely.  
*Eu.* This to your Highness from my *L. Olyndus*.  
[*delivers the Letter.*]

*Luc.* You're happy that your Love is with you still,  
That you can see, and hear, and speak to him.  
*Venus* doth favour you more than the whole  
Kingdome *Eumela*; *Mars* for her sake 's kind to you.

*Eum.* I must confesse it happy : but *Olyndus*  
Cannot be brought to think it so ; he fears  
His sickness will by some be constru'd Love ;  
Which, if his Valour in his Country's danger  
Durst give the upper hand, ev'n at the Altar,  
Though *Venus* did her self look on, hee'd pull  
Out of his Breast, and cast aside, as some  
Unhallow'd part o'th' Sacrifice.

*Luc.* His



*Luc.* His King

Hath found him truly valiant. E'r I open  
This Paper, you must state one Point, *Eumela*,  
suppose me busie in the holy Rites  
Of our adored *Venus* : if by chance  
I cast mine Eye upon some Princely visage,  
And feel a Passion, is the Goddess wrong'd ?  
Or the Religion lesse ?

*Eum.* Our Loves what are they

But howerly Sacrifices, only wanting  
The prease and tumult of Solemnity ?  
If then i'th' heat and Achme of Devotion  
We drink a new flame in, can it be ought  
But to increase the Worship ? and what Goddess  
Was ever angry that the holy Priest  
Increas'd her Fires, and made 'em burn more clear ?

*Luc.* True, but suppose the Face then seen doth never  
Appear more after, is not that a sign  
The Goddess is displeas'd ?

*Eum.* That it a while

Appears not, is to cherish, not extinguish  
The Passion thence conceiv'd : as Persecutions  
Make Piety stronger still, and bring th' Afflicted  
Unto the glory of renowned Martyrs.

*Luc.* But is there then no hope but that ? Alas !

This man perhaps might perish in some War  
As now ( But O ye Gods avert the Fate ! ) [to her self.  
And then th' unhappy sighing Virgin fall  
From that her feigned Heaven.

*Eum.* It cannot be;

*Venus* destroyes her Deity, if she shew  
And then delude : she will not lose what once  
Sh' hath made her own ; She that knits hearts by th' Eyes,  
Will keep the knot fast by their Entercourse ;  
If you have once but seen, and lov'd, permit

The

The rest unto the Deity. Will it please  
Your Highness to peruse the Letter? 'tis  
Of moment I presume: why blush you Madam?  
And, while I ask you, why look pale?

*Luc. Eumela,*

The supposition's truth; lately, thou knowest,  
I did assist at *Venus* Sacrifice;  
He, whom I saw, and lov'd, saw, and lov'd too,  
And now hath writ — but let *Olyndus* tell him  
I will not see him, though he were the Soul  
Of all Mankind.

*Eum.* I will.

*Luc.* Hear me — yet if

He have a true undoubted Friend, he may  
send him, I'll meet him in the Myrtle Grove,  
And tell him more.

*Eum.* I will obey.

*Luc.* But stay —

And yet that's all.

*Eum.* I go.

[*Exit Eumela.*]

*Luc.* The Soul doth give

Brightness to th' Eye, and some say, That the Sun,  
If not enlight'ned by th' Intelligence  
That doth inhabit it, would shine no more  
Than a dull Clod of Earth: so Love, that is  
Brighter than Eye, or Sun, if not enlight'ned  
By Reason, would so much of Lustre lose  
As to become but gross, and foul Desire;  
I must refine his Passion; None can wooe  
Nobly, but he that hath done Nobly too.

ACT.

ACT. III. SCEN. V.

To her *Florina* and *Malthora*.

*Mal.* **Y**Our Highness here alone?

*Luc.* But so long only

As gives you leave to ask. What? said *Florina*?  
I'd thought your Soul had dwelt within it self,  
Been single a full presence, and that you  
Had set your self up your own Trophy now,  
Full of true Joy.

*Flo.* 'Tis hard to cast off that  
That we call Passion, we may veyl, and cloud it,  
But 'twill break out at last. True Joy is that  
Which now I cannot have.

*Luc.* How so *Florina*?

*Flo.* True Joy consists in Looks, and Words, and Letters,  
Which now an Absence, equall to Divorce,  
Hath wholly barr'd us of.

*Luc.* Looks, Words, and Letters!  
Alas they are but only so much Air  
Diversly form'd, & so the food of that  
Changeable Creature; not the Viands of  
True constant Lovers.

*Flo.* But, if I see not,  
Is not my Joy grown less, who could not love  
'Till I first saw? and if I hear not, can  
I have the perfect Harmony of pleasure,  
Who something ow to words that I first yeilded?

*Luc.* Who ever yet was won by words? we come  
Conquer'd, and when we grant, we do not yeeld,  
But do confesse that we did yeeld before.  
But be those Senies some Contentments, Madam,  
You must not yet make them the great, and true

Essential

Essentiall Joy that only can consist  
In the bright perfect Union of two Spirits.

*Mal.* But seeing those Spirits cannot work, but by  
The Organs of the Body, 'tis requir'd  
That (to the full perfection of this Joy)  
Bodies should be near-Neighbours too.

*Flo.* I must  
Confess that I subscribe unto the Princess,  
And somewhat too to you: the Presence may  
Conveigh, and fill, and polish Joy; but yet  
To see, or hear, cannot be Joyes themselves.  
And where this Presence is deny'd, the Soul  
Makes use of higher, and more subtle means,  
And by the strength of thought creates a Presence  
Where there is none.

*Mal.* Alas! how we doe lose  
Our selves in speculation of our Loves;  
As if they were unbody'd Essences!

*Luc.* I would  
*Eumela* now were here; Shee'd tell us, All  
Is the same Joy, as Love from sight, or thought,  
Is the same Love; and that Love's turning to  
Either of them, is only but a Needle  
Turning to severall points, no diverse flame,  
But only divers degrees of the self-same.  
Come Madam let's away and seek her out.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE VI.

*Charistus, Olyndus.*

*Cha.* **N**Ot see me, say you, though I were the Soul  
Of all Mankind?

*Olyn.* They were the words return'd  
But if he have a true undoubted friend,

Send

and him, I'll tell him more.

*Cha.* Have I deserted  
my Country, now in danger, where I had  
bought Honour Captive, and for ever fixt her  
as an Intelligence unto my sword,  
to move and guide it? have I scorn'd my Fortunes,  
and laid aside the Prince? have I contemn'd  
that much priz'd thing call'd Life, and wrestled with  
both Winds and Flouds, through which I have arriv'd  
hither at last? and all this not to see her?

*Olyn.* Doth she betray, or undisguise you to  
the State? Doth she forbid you, Sir, to love?  
Affection is not wanting, where 'tis wise;  
she only doth forbid you that you see her.

*Cha.* Only forbid me to be happy, only  
forbids me to enjoy my self; What could  
she more, were I her Enemy? *Olyndus*  
hast thou at no time told her, that there was  
a *Cretan* call'd thee Friend?

*Olyn.* Why do you ask?

*Cha.* Perhaps Sh' hath found this way to send for thee.

*Oly.* Though I have thought it worth the boasting, that  
*haristus* is my friend, yet by that Word,  
sacred to Noble Souls, I never had  
so much access to tell her any thing,  
much less my Friendship.

*Cha.* Thou shalt go *Olyndus*.

*Olyn.* When my eyes see her, yours do; when I talk,  
'tis you that talk; we are true friends, and one,  
say that one interchang'd; for I am you.

*Cha.* 'Tis true thou art my friend, so much my friend,  
that my self am not more my self, than thou art:  
if thou dost go, I go — But stay — Didst not  
thou say mine eyes were thine? thou didst: if that  
be so, then thou must love her too, and then —



*Olyndus* thou must stay.

*Olyn.* She loves you so,  
(As my *Eumela* doth inform me) that  
No humane Image can deface the Print  
That you have drawn i'th' Tablet of her Soul.

*Cha.* If that she loves me so, why then she must  
Love thee so too; for thou and I are one.

*Olyn.* Why then, Sir, if you go your self, the issue  
Will be the same however, so, when she  
Loves you Shee'l love me too.

*Cha.* We are both one  
In hearts and minds *Olyndus*: but those Minds  
Are cloath'd with Bodies. Bodies that do oft ———  
I knew not what ——— yet thou hast an *Eumela*,  
A fair *Eumela* trust me ——— Thou must go ———  
But use not any Language, Gesture, Looks,  
That may be constru'd ought above Respect;  
For thou art young and Beautifull, and Valiant,  
And all that Ladies long for.

*Olyn.* When I prove  
So treacherous to my Friend, my self, my fair  
*Eumela*, mark me with that hateful brand  
That Ignominy hath not discover'd yet,  
But doth reserve to sear the foulest Monster  
That shall appear in Nature.

*Cha.* I beleeeve thee:  
Yet something bids me still not let thee go.  
But I'l not hearken to it; though my Soul  
Should tell me 'twere not fit, I'd not beleeeve  
My Soul could think so.

*Olyn.* How resolve you then?

*Cha.* Do what thou wilt. I do beleeeve — and yet  
I do — I know not what — O my *Lucasia*!  
O my *Olyndus*! divers waies I bend,  
Divided 'twixt the Lover, and the Friend.

*Exeunt.*  
ACT

## ACT. III. SCENE I.

*Olyndus to Lucania in the Grove.*

*Olyn.* **M**ay't please your Highness, Madam—  
 I have a friend so much my self, that I  
 Can't say he's absent now, yet he hath sent me  
 To be here present for him : we enterchange  
 Bosoms, and Counsels, Thoughts, and Souls so much,  
 That he entreats you to conceive you spake  
 To him in me ; All that you shall deposite  
 Will be in safe, and faithfull Ears ; the same  
 Trust you expect from him, shall keep your words,  
 And the same Night conceal 'em : 'tis *Charistus*  
 The noble *Cretan*.

*Luc.* When you said your Friend,  
 The rest was needless ; I conceive him all  
 That makes up Vertue, all that we call Good  
 Whom you *Olyndus* give your Soul to ; yet  
 I'd rather court his Valour, than his Love,  
 Did he shine bright in Armour, call for Dangers,  
 Eager to cut his way through stubborn Troops,  
 Ev'n this my softness, arm'd as he, could follow  
 And prompt his Arm, supply him with fresh Fury,  
 And dictate higher dangers. Then when Dust  
 And Blond hath smear'd him ( a disguise more worthy  
 Of Princes far, than that he wears ) I could  
 Embrace him fresh from Conquest, and conceive him  
 As fair as ever any yet appear'd  
 To longing Virgins in their Amorous Dreams.

*Olyn.* Fury could never from the Den of danger  
 Awake that horror yet, that bold *Charistus*

Durst not attempt, stand equall with, and then  
Conquer, and trample, and contemn.

*Luc.* Revenge

And Hate I do confels, may sometimes carry  
The Soul beyond it self to do, and suffer :  
But the things then are Furious, not Great,  
And sign the Actor Headlong, but not Vertuous.

*Olyn.* He that can do this, Madam, and Love too,  
Must needs be vertuous ; that holy Flame  
Clean and untainted, as the fresh desires  
Of Infant Saints, enters not Souls that are  
Of any foul Complexion. He that Loves,  
Even in that he Loves, is good : and as  
He is no less an Atheist, that denies  
The Gods to be most happy, than the Man  
That dares Affirm there are no Gods at all ;  
So he's no less an Heretick, that shall  
Deny Love to be Vertuous, than he  
That dares Affirm there is no Love at all.

*Luc.* But he hath left his Country now, when that  
Her Wealth, her Name, her Temples, and her Altars,  
Her Gods, and Liberty, stand yet upon  
Th'uncertain Dye; when Danger calls his Arm,  
And Glory should arrest his Spirit there ;  
And this to Court one, whom he knows not, whether  
She may think Vertue a meer Airy word,  
And Honour but a blast, invented to  
Make catching Spirits dare, and do high things.

*Olyn.* That you are Vertuous, is a knowledge, that  
All must confels they have, but only those  
That have not Eyes : For if that Souls frame Bodies,  
And that the Excellence of the Architect  
Appear in the perfection of the Structure,  
Whether you have a Soul enrich'd with vertues,  
Must be a blind Man's doubt : Nature dares not

Thrust

Thrust out so much deceit into the World ;  
 'T would make us not beleieve her works were meant  
 For true firm Peeeces, but Delusions only.

*Luc.* Though I must not agree t' you, to pass by  
 What you have said, If I were Vertuous,  
 You must confesse him so far ignorant yet,  
 As not to know whether I'd Love, or no.

*Oly.* This Knowledge is of more Extent than th' other.  
 For being that to be lov'd is the Effect  
 Of your own worths, you must love all mens Loves  
 As a Confession of your Graces, that  
 Your selves have drawn from them. That which your  
 Produceth, is a Birth as dear unto you, (Beauty  
 As are your Children.

*Luc.* Should there more than one  
 Love us ( if this hold ) we must love them too,  
 And so that Sacred Tye that joyns the Soul  
 To one, and but to one, were but a Fable,  
 A thing in Poetry, not in the Creature.

*Olyn.* One is your Trophy: and he Lov'd as That  
 The Rest but Witnesses: thus Princes, when  
 They Conquer Princes, though they only count  
 Those Names of Glory, and Renown, their Victory,  
 Take yet their meaner Subjects in, as fair  
 Accesses to their Triumphs, who, although  
 They are not the main Prize, are somewhat yet  
 That doth confirm that there was worth, and force,  
 To which the Main did justly yeeld.

*Luc.* Be't then  
 That I do love his Love, I am not yet  
 Bound to accept it in what shape soever  
 It doth appear; the Manner, Time, and Place  
 May not be relish'd, though the thing be lik'd.

*Olyn.* For these he doth expect your Dictates, With  
 As much Religion, as he would the Answers

Of Sacred Oracles, and with the same  
Vow of Performance.

*Luc.* You must tell him then,  
He must go back, and there do Honorably;  
Succour his Country, cheer the Souldier, fight,  
Spend, and disburse the Prince, where e'r he goes,  
Get him a Name, and Title upon *Cyprus*.  
I will not see him 'till he hath Conquer'd, till  
He hath rid high in Triumph, and when this  
Is done, let him consider then, it is  
My Father, & my Subjects, and my Kingdom  
That he hath Conquer'd.

*Olyn.* I am an Agent only,  
And therefore must be faithful.

*Luc.* But withall  
To shew that I reject him not, you may  
Tell him, that being he hath such a friend,  
Whiles he is absent I will love *Olyndus*  
Instead of him.

[Exit *Lucasia*.]

*Olyn.* But that my Friend is in me  
I should have deem'd it Sacrilege, to have had  
A thought like that suggested. My *Charistus*,  
Were he not something carefull in his Love,  
( I will not call him Jealous ) were beyond  
The Lot of Man : I must not tell him all,  
Some may be hid ; yet how shall I unriddle  
The Mystery of this Answer ? But the knots  
That Love doth tye, himself will only find  
The way to loose —

### ACT. III. SCEN. II.

*To him Charistus.*

— And here *Charistus* comes.

Souls once possess'd, as his, are most impatient,  
They meet what they should stay for.

*Cha*



*Cha.* Dear *Olyndus*,

Pardon that I expect not, but make halt  
To intercept my Doom Others perhaps  
May wait the punctuall Minute, and observe  
The just and even Period : but *Charistus*  
Doth love too slow, when time, and Sun can bind him  
Unto a regular Motion.

*Olyn.* Would you had

Been there your self ! would you had drunk in all  
The Looks, Words, Graces, and Divinities  
That I have done ! I'm like the Priest that's full  
Of his inspiring God, and am possess'd  
With so much rapture, that methinks I could  
Bear up my self without a Wing, or Chariot,  
And hover e'r the Earth, still dropping something  
That should take root in Kingdoms, and come up  
The Good of people.

*Cha.* Let me ask thee then

As we do those that do come fresh from Visions,  
What saw'st thou there ?

*Olyn.* That which I see still, that

Which will not out ; I saw a Face that did  
Seem to participate of Flames, and Flowers;  
Eyes in which Light combin'd with Jet to make  
Whiteness be thought the Blot, and Black hereafter  
Purchase the Name of Innocence, and Lustre.  
The whole was but one solid Light, and had I  
Not seen our Goddess rising from the Flouds  
Pourtray'd less fair, less Goddess, I had thought  
The thing I saw, and talk'd with, must have been  
The Tutelar Deity of this our Island.

*Cha.* That I should let thee go ! that I should be  
so impious to my self, as not to break  
Her great Commands, and so become a Martyr  
By daring to be happy 'gainst her will —

But on *Olyndus*.

*Olyn*. You may think this  
The Height, the Acme, and the All of her;  
But when I tell you, that She hath a Mind  
That hides all this, and makes it not appear,  
Disparaging as 'twere, what ever may  
Be seen without her, then you'l thus exclaim;  
Nature, thou wert o'rseen to put so mean  
A Frontispeece to such a Building.

*Cha*. Give me,  
O quickly give me the whole Miracle,  
Or presently I am not.

*Olyn*. Think, *Charistus*,  
Think out the rest, as 'tis, I cannot speak it.

*Cha*. Alas! what should I think?

*Olyn*. Conceive a Fire  
Simple and thin; to which that Light we see,  
And see by, is so far impure, that 'tis  
Only the stain, and blemish of the World;  
And if it could be plac'd with it in one  
And the same Tablet, would but only serve  
As bound and shadow to it: Then conceive  
A Substance that the Gods have set apart,  
And when they would put generous Motions  
Into a Mortall Breast, do take the Soule  
And couch it there, so that what e'r we call  
Vertue in us, is only but a Turning  
And Inclination toward her from whom  
This Pow'r was first deriv'd.

*Cha*. What present God  
Lent thee his Eyes, and stood blind by, whiles thou  
Did'st gaze, and surfet on these Glories?

*Olyn*. Others  
Do Love the shape, the Gesture, and the Man,  
But She the Vertue. Mark *Charistus*, She

Saies

Saies *She* could Court you ring'd about with Dangers,  
 Doat on you smear'd, and stiff with hostile Blood,  
 Count and exact your wounds, as a due sum  
 You are to pay to Valour ; All which when  
 I told her was in Love, she said I did  
 Present a spark, when she desir'd a full  
 And glorious Constellation — to be short,  
 She saies you must go back, do honourably,  
 Get you a Name upon the *Cyprian* Forces ;  
 And bids when you have done all this, consider  
 It is her Father, and his Subjects, and  
 His Kingdome that you conquer —

*Cha.* And her self

That I shall lose by doing so. If I  
 Return, and *Crete* be Conquer'd, then *She* will  
 Count me Spoil, and Luggage ; and my Love  
 Only a Slave's Affection. If I Conquer,  
 And *Cyprus* follow my Triumphant Chariot,  
 My Love wil then be Tyranny : and *She*,  
 How can she light an Hymeneal Torch  
 From her lov'd Countries Flame ? I am rejected,  
*Charistus* is a Name of scorn.

*Olyn.* VVhat Fates

Dare throw that Name upon my Friend ? To shew  
 That she rejects you not, because there is  
 That Trust, that Faith, and that Confusion of  
*Charistus* and *Olyndus* 'twixt us, in the mean  
 VVhiles he is absent, tell him, saith she, that  
 I'll love *Olyndus* in his stead.

*Cha.* How ! Man

Th' hast dealt dishonourably. This the Light ?  
 And this the Fire that makes that Light a stain ?

*Olyn.* This I foretold my selfe : my good *Charistus*  
 Let not your Anger carry you beyond  
 The bent of Reason ; can I give account

Of others Passions ? did I first conceive  
The words my self; then speak 'em ?

*Cha.* O ye Gods !

Where is the Faith ? where the *Olyndus* now ?  
Th' hast been a Factor for thy self : I'd thought  
I'd sent a Friend, but he's return'd a Merchant,  
And will divide the Wealth.

*Olyn.* Far be that Brand  
From your *Olyndus* ! far from your *Lucasia* !  
She hath a Face hath so much Heaven in it,  
And this *Olyndus* so much Worship of it,  
That he must first put on another Shape,  
And become Monster, e'r he dare but look  
Upon her with a thought that's Masculine.

*Cha.* Peace Treachery ! I am too cold ; my Anger  
Is dull and lazy yet. I'll search that Breast,  
And dig out falshood from the secret'st Corner  
In all thy Heart, here, in the very place  
That thou hast wrong'd me.

*Olyn.* There is nothing here  
That my *Charistins* knows not. 'Pray you open,  
And search, and judge ; and when you find all true,  
Say you destroy'd a Friend.

*Cha.* It is your Art  
I see to wooe, but I will make you speak  
Something that is not Flattery.

*Olyn.* *Olyndus*  
Ne'r lov'd the Man as friend yet, whom he did  
Fear as an Enemy. 'Tis one part of Valour  
That I durst now receive, conceal, and help you,  
Here in the Bosome of that State, which hath  
Cast out a spear into the *Cretan* Field,  
And bid you War.

*Cha.* Thou hast already here  
Betray'd my Love ; thy falshood will proceed

Unto my Person next. I'd thought I'd been  
Clasp'd in Embraces, but I find I am  
Entangled in a Net.

*Olyn.* Y're safe as in  
The Bolome of your Father, take this Veyl  
Of Passion from your Eyes; and you'l behold  
The same *Olyndus* still.

*Cha.* The same Deceiver,  
The same false perjur'd Man. Draw, or by Heaven,  
That now should Thunder and revenge my wrongs,  
Thou shalt dye sluggishly.

*Olyn.* Recall your self,  
And do but hear —

*Cha.* What words a Coward will  
Fawn on me with, to keep an abject life,  
Not worth the saving.

*Olyn.* Witness all ye Gods  
That govern Friendship, how unwillingly  
I do untie the Knot.

*Cha.* Draw quickly, lest  
It may be known I am the *Cretan* Prince,  
And so my juster Fury be not suffer'd  
To scourge a timorous and perfidious Man.

*Oly.* Though thou stand't here an Enemy, and we have  
The Pledge of all the *Cretan* State, yet know  
Though all our Island's People did look on,  
And thou proclaim't thy self to be the Man,  
They should not dare to know the Prince, untill  
I'd done this sacrifice to Honour.

*Cha.* So!

*They fight, and wound each other dangerously,  
and then retire, Charistus to Lucasia's Myrtle,  
and Olyndus to the next adjoyning, and lean-  
ing there speak.*

*Olyn.*



*Olyn.* I have not long to stay 'mongst Mortals now,  
And then you may search all those Corners that  
You talk'd of in my Heart. But if you find  
Ought that is fallshood towards you, or more  
Than reverence to *Lucasia*, may I want  
The Honour of a Grave ——— Hear O ye Gods,  
(Ye Gods whom (but a while) and I am with)  
*Lucasia* is as spotless, as the Seat  
That you prepare for Virgin Lovers!

*Cha.* I

Have wrong'd thee, my *Olyndus*, wrong'd thee much,  
But do not chide me; there's not life enough  
Left in me to make use of Admonition.

*Olyn.* If you survive, love your *Lucasia*; 'twill  
Make your *Olyndus* happy; for the good  
Of the surviving Friend, some holy men  
Say, doth pertain unto the Friend Departed.

*Cha.* Vertuous *Lucasia*! and hadst thou *Olyndus*  
Not been so too, my Gods had fought for me;  
But I must dye ——— *Olyndus*. [Charistus faints.]

*Olyn.* Heaven forbid  
That my *Charistus* perish! I have only  
Strength left to wish: If I can creep yet to thee  
I'll help thee all I can. [Olynd. sinks]

*Cha.* And I will meet thee;

[They creep one to the other and so embrace.]

Let us embrace each other yet. The Fates  
Preserve our Friendship, and would have us equal,  
Equal ev'n in our Angers: we shall go  
Down equal to the Shades both, two waies equal,  
As Dead, as Friends. And when *Lucasia* shall  
Come down unto us (which the Heavens forbid  
Should be as yet) I'll not be Jealous there.

## ACT. III. SCEN. III.

To them as they lye groveling, and embracing thus,  
*Macheffa and Philanis.*

*Phi.* O Mel Good Heavens! had you the Balsam, Lady,  
 Now that you told me of, 'twould do some good.

*Mach.* This is *Olyndus*, that the honour'd stranger;  
 Brave Spirits are a Balsam to themselves:  
 There is a Nobleness of Mind, that heals  
 Wounds beyond Salves—look not, but help *Philanis*,  
 Gather the Weapons, and the rest up quickly;  
 Where two are wrong'd, I ought to succour both.

*Macheffa carries  
 them out.*

## ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

*Lucasia, Florina, Malthora Eumela.*

*Lu.* M Adam, ne'r fear your Dream, for that is only  
 The reliques of your day-time thoughts, that are  
 Preserv'd by our Soul, to make a Scene i'th Night.

*Eum.* Have you not dream'd the like before?

*Mal.* Yes thrice.

*Eum.* Why then *Pastanus* now hath perish'd thrice,  
 Or else y' have sometimes dream'd in vain.

*Flor.* *Eumela*,

I told her this, and that her troubled Sleeps  
 Were one Love still waking.

*Luc.* Wee'l divert

This anxious fear. Reach me the Lute *Eumela*.

Have you not heard how *Venus* did complain

For her belov'd *Adonis*? The young Poet,

That was desir'd to give a Language to

Th' afflicted Goddess, thought her words were these.

The

## The Ode.

Cal, **W**ake my Adonis, do not dye;  
 One Life's enough for thee and I.  
 Where are thy words? thy wiles?  
 Thy Loves, thy Frowns, thy smiles?  
 Alas in vain I call;  
 One death hath snatch'd 'em all:  
 Yet Death's not deadly in that Face,  
 Death in those Looks it self hath Grace,

'Twas this, 'twas this I fear'd  
 When thy pale Ghost appear'd;  
 This I presag'd when thund'ring Jove  
 Tore the best Myrtle in my Grove;  
 When my sick Rose-buds lost their smell,  
 And from my Temples untouch'd fell;  
 And 'twas for some such thing  
 My Dove did hang her Wing.

Whither art thou my Deity gone?  
 Venus in Venus there is none.

In vain a Goddess now am I

Only to Grieve, and not to dye.

But I will love my Grief,

Make Tears my Tears relief;

And Sorrow shall to me

A new Adonis be.

And this no Fates can rob me of, whiles I  
 A Goddess am to Grieve, and not to Dye.

Flor. Madam, they say 'twas in this very Grove  
 The Goddess thus complain'd.

ACT.

ACT. III. SCEN. V.

*To them Philxnis with a couple of Napkins.*

*Eum.* **H**OW now *Philanis*?

Are you turn'd Sewer to the Lady-Errant?

*Phi.* Lady I'm sent to wipe away the Bloud  
From these two Myrtles.

*Eum.* Bless me! what Bloud *Philanis*?

*Luc.* I hope the Song will not prove ominous.

*Phi.* 'Tis fit we have some Wars at home too, else  
My Lady would have no employment left.

*Luc.* What Wars? whose Bloud?

*Phi.* A pair of froward Lovers,  
*Olyndus*, and the Stranger, fought, it seems,  
Here till they almost kill'd themselves: and when  
Neither did fear, but both did faint, it seems  
*Olyndus* lean'd there, and the Stranger there,  
And with their Blouds besmear'd the Trees a little;  
We did not think your Highness should have seen it.

{ *They rise amaz'd, the Princess repairs to the Tree*  
where *Charistus* bled, and *Eumela* to the Tree  
where her *Olyndus* bled. }

*Luc.* Is this *Olyndus* way of mingling Souls?

*Eum.* Is this the Others Enterchange of Breasts?

*Luc.* O Heavens! durst your *Olyndus* thus?

*Eum.* O Heav'ns,

And O ye Gods too! durst that other this?

*Luc.* Did he then stay behind for this *Eumela*?

*Eum.* And did he leave his Country to destroy  
One worth it all, here in our very Bosoms?

*Luc.* H' has ruin'd one, whose like if Nature will  
shew to the World again, she must lay up,

And

And gather, till she hath store enough of Graces  
To throw into the World.

*Eum.* *Olyndus* stood

As high, and brave as he, his Enemy had  
But this advantage of him, that he was  
A *Cretan*, as by Birth, so too in Faith.

*Luc.* Were he the Birth of some unshelter'd Cottage,  
He were yet fairer in the Eye o'th' World  
Than e'r *Olyndus* could have been, in that  
He was a Princess's thoughts ; 'twas I that lov'd him.

*Eum.* Although the Name of Princess be upon you,  
And signs you Dread, and Sovereign, yet I must  
Tell you that Love's a Princess too in me,  
And stamps as much Heroick Majesty  
Upon my Thoughts, as Birth hath done on yours.

*Luc.* Though, as a Princess, I could make thy Love  
And thee forgotten Names, yet I depose  
My self, and am thy Equall.

*Eum.* 'Tis no need  
That you descend, Love carries up *Eumela*  
To be as high as is her Princess, and  
In this sad Fate placeth her equall with  
Her Dread *Lucasia*.

*Luc.* Hear, hear this brave man !  
And if thou liv'st revenge it on *Olyndus*.

*Eum.* And thou the Spirit of my dear *Olyndus*,  
Be thou still worthy, still thy self. Speak thou  
O Nature, was there not the same clay knead  
To make our Hearts ? did not the same Fire kindle  
Our Souls ? and thou, O Love, was't not the same  
Metall that wounded both ? you must not count  
The Princess into th' worth of your Affection ;  
Love when he ballanceth the Hearts that come  
Under his Power, casts not in their Births,  
Fortunes, and Titles.

*Luc.*



*Luc.* Would some powerfull God  
Would change our Persons, and make thee *Lucasia*,  
And me *Eumela*, that I might avow  
The justice of my Love in spite of State.

*Mal.* Forbear *Eumela*.

*Flor.* 'Tis the Princess speaks.

*Eum.* Nor Prince, nor Subject speaks, but Love in both.

ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

To them *Macheffa*.

{ They leave their  
Trees, and repair  
to *Macheffa*.

*Flo.* **H**ere's one can tell you all.

*Luc.* Say, good *Macheffa*,  
How doth the Stranger?

*Eum.* Lives *Olyndus* yet?

*Mac.* Both live, but wounded much, yet hopes of both;  
For they are Friends, and as their Minds have clos'd,  
Their wounds may shortly too.

*Luc.* How fell they out?

*Mac.* I heard the Stranger, Madam, thus confess,  
As our *Olyndus* did embrace him; Thou  
Wert honourable, my *Olyndus*, ever;  
But I was foul, and Jealous: then *Olyndus*  
Fell on his Neck, told him 'twas only heat,  
And strength of Love; and vow'd he'd never tell  
The cause and ground o'th' Quarrell: but the Stranger  
Swore by his Gods, and Altars, that he would  
Go find, and tell, and ask the Deity  
Forgiveness first, then him — I heard no more  
But only sighs from either.

*Luc.* 'Twas too much —

That I should throw away my grief for one  
That durst have such a thought! *Charifus*, you

And

And I are both deceiv'd in one another ;  
 And, poor *Olyndus*, dearly hast thou paid  
 For both our Errors —

[*aside*.

——— *Macheston*, as you love me  
 Be carefull of *Olyndus*, for the other —

My care hath been more than he's worth already—[*aside*.

*Flo. Eumela*,

The Princess is much troubled, pray heav'n your freedom  
 Did not offend her Highness.

*Eum.* I hope it did not :

Madam, if too much Love made me forge,  
 And pass the bounds of Duty, humbly, I beg  
 Your Graces pardon, beseeching you t' impute  
 My folly to my Passion.

*Luc.* Call't not Passion;

'Twas Reason to Contest : Love's Kingdom is  
 Founded upon a Parity ; Lord, and Subject,  
 Master, and Servant, are Names banish'd thence ;  
 They wear one Fetter all, or, all one Freedom.

*Eum.* There was some Spirit spake within me, 'twas—

*Luc.* Alas ! excuse it not : all that do Love,  
 In that they love, are equall, and above none,  
 None, but those only whom the God denies  
 The honour of his Wound — *Eumela*, hear me, *Whispers*  
*Charistus* is grown foul, and thy *Olyndus* *her.*  
 Is now my Martyr, for my sake he bleeds,  
 And I, for this, will make *Charistus* know,  
 That he, who doubts his Friend, is his own Foe.

*Exeunt.*

ACT.

## ACTIV. SCENE I.

*Adraste, Lucasia, Malthora, Florina, Emmela, Cosmeta,  
Pandena, Rhodia, Macheffa, late as at Parliament.*

*Adr.* **M**Y Lady Martiall, and the rest Mercuriall,  
Woman's the Gem of Heaven, in which Na-  
Hath carv'd the Universe in leſs Characters ; (ture  
A Peece of ſuch Invention, and ſuch Art,  
That, where as in one common lazy Mold  
Made for diſpatch, ſhe caſts, and thruſts out Men,  
As ſome things done in haſte, ſhe may be ſaid  
To build, and ſend forth us ; yet (howſoever  
It comes about ) in all foretimes and Ages  
Councels and Senats have excluded us,  
Thinking us like thoſe finer Wits, which ſpin  
Themſelves into ſuch ſubtle Fancies, that  
They are too Curious to be employ'd,  
Being as far from Service, as from Groſſneſs :  
But this hath been from Errour, not from Tryall :  
Grant me their Compoſition ſtronger, grant me  
Their Bodie's ruder, and more fit for Wars,  
Which ſome yet here do happily contradict,  
I cannot yet conceive, why this ſhould bind us  
To be their Slaves ; our Souls are Male, as theirs.  
That we have hitherto forborn t' aſſume  
And manage Thrones, that hitherto we have not  
Challeng'd a Sovereignty in Arts, and Arms,  
And writ our ſelves Imperiall, hath been  
Mens Tyranny, and our Modeſty. Being then  
Nature did mean us Sovereigns, but croſs Fate  
(Envious of her, willing that nothing ſhould

Be perfect upon Earth ) still kept us under ;  
 Let us, i'th' name of Honour, rise unto  
 The pitch of our Creation. Now's the time ;  
 The best and ablest men are absent, those  
 That are left here behind are either Fooles,  
 Or Wise men overgrown, which is all one  
 Assert your selves into your Liberty then,  
 Stand firm, and high, put these good Resolutions  
 Forth into Action : then, in spite of Fate,  
 A Female Hand shall turn the Wheel of State.

*Om.* Inspi'd *Adrasfe* !

*Om.* Most divine *Adrasfe* !

*Adr.* If that you relish this let Mistris Speaker  
 On to the rest.

*Om.* On, on, on, on, on, on !

*Eum.* Most Willing, most Agreeing, most Potent,  
 And most free Ladies, &c. —

'Tis fit all things should be reduc'd unto  
 Their Primeve Institution, and first Head ;  
 Woman was then as much as Man, those Stones  
 Which *Pyrtha* cast, made as fair Creatures as  
*Deucalion's* did : that his should be set up  
 Carv'd, and Ador'd, but hers kept down, and trampled,  
 Came from an ancient Injury ; what Oracle, and  
 What voice from Heaven commanded that ?

*Cos.* Most true !

Observe that Ladies.

*Pan.* *Sibyl's* Leaf by *Juno* !

*Eum.* He that saies Woman is not fit for Policy,  
 Doth give the Lie to Art ; for what man hath  
 More sorts of Looks ? more Faces ? who puts on  
 More severall Colours ? Men, compar'd in this,  
 Are only Dough bak'd Women ; not as once  
 Maliciously one call'd us Dough-bak'd Men.

*Cos.* 'Tis no single

Voice;

Voice ; the whole Sex speaks in her.

*Eum.* Some few yet

Do speak against our Passions, but with greater ;  
 Rail at our Lightness, but 'tis out of Humour ;  
 Rather Disease than Reason ; they being such  
 As wipe off what they spit. For Heav'n forbid  
 That any should vouchsafe to speak against us  
 But rough Philosophers, and rude Divines,  
 And such like dull Professions. But wee'l now  
 Shew them our Passions are our Reasons Edge,  
 And that, which they call Lightness, only is  
 An Art to turn our selves to severall Points.  
 Time, Place, Minds, People, all things now concur  
 To re-estate us there where Nature plac'd us :  
 Not a Male more must enter *Cyprus* now.

*Cof.* No, nor an Eunuch, nothing that hath been  
 Male heretofore.

*Pan.* No, nor Hermophrodite ;  
 Nothing that is half Male. A little Spark  
 Hath often kindled a whole Town ; we must  
 Be cautelous in the least.

*Eum.* That then they may not  
 Regain the Island, all the Havens must  
 Be stor'd, and guarded.

*Cof.* Very fit they should.

*Eum.* Next to the Havens, Castles out of hand  
 Must be repair'd, Bulwarks, and Forts, and Sconces  
 Be forthwith rear'd.

*Cof.* 'Tis time we were about them.

*Eum.* Arms then must be bought up, and Forges rais'd ;  
 Much, much is to be done—

*Pan.* Why let *Machessa*  
 About it straight.

*Eum.* I see agreeing Minds ;  
 Your Hearts and Courage very ready, but

Where



Where is the Nerve and Sinew of this Action?

Where shall we have the Mony to do this?

*Cof.* Wee'l give our hair for Cordage, and our finest  
Linnen for Sails, rather than this Design  
Shall be once dash'd for want.

*Pan.* There's much already  
Come in——

*Cof.* And more doth dayly.

*Pan.* Hearts and Purfes  
Concur unto the Action.

*Cof.* We have Notes  
Of the particular Contributions.

*Eum.* Her Majesty would have you read 'em, that  
She may know what to trust to.

*Cof.* From the Temple [*She reads.*]  
We do expect ten dozen of Chalice, —  
But they are hid, or else already gone —

*Eum.* This is not what you have, but what y' have not.

*Cof.* We tell you this, that you mayn't take it ill,  
That we ha'n't borrow'd some o'th' Holy Plate.  
Well then, to what we have — First from the Court  
Ten Vessels of Corinthian Brass, with divers  
Peeces of *Polyclet*, and *Phydias*,  
*Parrhasius*, *Zeuxes*, and *Protogenes*,  
*Apelles*, and such like great Master-hands.

*Eum.* Statues, and Pictures do but little good  
Against the Enemy.

*Cof.* Pray y' hear it out :  
Rich Cabinets then, which, though they do contain  
Treasure immense and large, have nothing yet  
Within them richer than themselves.

*Eum.* What hold they?  
*Cof.* Pearls, Rubies, Emralds, Amethysts, and Saphirs,  
Crysolits, Jaspers, Diamonds, two whereof  
Do double the twelfth Caract : besides Sparks

Enough

Enough to stick the Roof o'th' Banquetting House,  
And make it seem an Heav'n.

*Eum.* VVell, on *Cosmeta*.

*Cof.* Twelve standing Goblets, two more rich and  
The one bears *Bacchus* sitting on a Vine, (massy,  
Squeezing out Purple liquor, Th'other hath  
*Silenus* riding on his patient Beast,  
And Satyrs dancing after him. More yet,  
Twelve other less engraven with less Stories,  
As Loves, and Months, and Quarters of the year,  
Nymphs, Shepheards, and such like—This from the Court.

*Eum.* VVhat from the City?

*Pan.* Purple Robes, and Furs

[*Pan.* reads.

In great abundance—Basons and large Ewers,  
Flagons, and Dishes, Plates, and Voyders, all  
Rich and unwieldy. And besides all this,  
Gold Chains, and Caudle-Cups innumerable.

*Eum.* The Contribution's much—

*Pan.* But yet not ended——

Twelve City Ladies send us word, they have  
Twelve Iron Chests, and rib'd with Iron too,  
VVherein they do suspect there lies a Mine,  
That hath not seen the Sun for six *Olympiads*.

*Eum.* Let 'em be got in suddenly; we must  
Be hot and eager in our undertakings.

The VVealth's enough; the East was overrun  
By the bold *Macedonian* Boy with less.

VVas't not *Macheffa*? But I pray you nothing  
From the poor Country Villagers?

*Pan.* Very little;

Hoop-rings, and Childrens VVhistles, and some forty  
Or fifty dozen of gilt-Spoons, that's all.

*Eum.* Let it be hastily deliver'd all  
Into her Majesties Treasury.

*Cof.* Under favour,

We think *Macheffa* would be very fit  
Both to take in, and to disburse.

*Eu.* It is not

For any private Interest that She asks it,  
But for the Publike good.

*Pan.* Perhaps. But yet

The People will think better, if it be  
Entrusted in a Subject's hand, and Hers  
Especially who never had a Husband-;

*Cof.* No, nor a Child as yet.

*Adr.* Why be it so ;

You shall dispose't *Macheffa*.

*Mach.* I consider

The trust you give me : see the weight, and Nature,  
The Price and Moment of the Cause; Know next  
My Order binds me not to be endow'd  
With any Wealth or Utenfill, besides  
My Steed, my Habit, Arms, and Page; To which  
When I prove false, let him that weaves my Story  
(Whether he be a Courtier, or perhaps  
A Scholar that writes worse ) bring me no higher  
Than to scratch'd Faces, and such Suburb brangles.  
Truth is the Essence of our Order, we  
Who are Errants cannot deceive and Be.

*Adr.* Let us away : though the Male-Gods may frown,  
The Female part of Heaven is sure our own [*She whis. Eu.*

*Eu.* Noble *Macheffa* all your deeds I see  
Tend to the Scope of Honour.

*Ex. Adrast.*  
*Cal. &c.*  
*Manent Eu.*  
*Macheffa.*

*Mach.* Were she seated

Upon the top of some high craggy Rock,  
Whose Head were in the Country of the Thunder,  
Guarded with watchfull Dragons, I will climb,  
And ravish her from thence, to have my Name  
Turn'd o'r from Age to Age, as something that  
Ought to outlive the Phœnix, and dye only

With

With Men and Time.

*Eum.* Though you Court Danger thus,  
I hope you will not scorn bright Glory, if  
She come an easier way.

*Mach.* I look to her,  
Not to her Cloaths, and Habit.

*Eum.* Will you be  
Famous in History then? fill swelling Volumes  
With your sole Name? be read aloud, and high  
I'th' *Cyprian* Annals? and live fresh upon  
The Tongue of Fame for ever? will you stand  
High on your Steed in Brass, and be at once  
The stop of Strangers, and the Natives Worship,  
By one fair Peacefull Action?

*Mach.* Brave *Eumela*,  
To say I'l do't is lazy; it is done.

*Eum.* 'Tis the Queen's sute besides,  
And She shall thank you.

*Mach.* Honour is my Queen,  
And my Deeds thank themselves. But say, *Eumela*,  
Quickly, what is't?

*Eum.* Why only send this Wealth,  
That's put into your hands, unto the Army,  
And so defeat this folly that they here  
So eagerly pursue.

*Mach.* By Heav'n I'll first  
Scatter the Ashes of my Ancesters,  
Burn and demolish Temples, or pull down  
The Statue of our Goddess, whiles her self  
Stood with the proudest thunder to defend it;  
You ought to thank me, that you have popos'd it,  
And yet still live.

*Eum.* But pray you reason it.

*Mach.* Follies of idle Creatures! who e'r heard  
Of Ladies Errant yet that stood to Reason?

But you that brag of Books, and Reading, and  
I know not what unnecessary Learning,  
Tell me, did brawny *Hercules*, who wand'ring  
I'th' Lion's skin, and Club, or well-set *Thesens*  
That trod his steps, e'r do the like?

*Eum.* No. VVomen

Ne'r came to such a pitch of danger yet  
As to be banish'd all: then who e'r trusted  
*Thesens*, or *Hercules* with ten Drachmas? who  
Could know their Minds that way? This single deed  
VVill make *Macheffs* go beyond his *Pillars*,  
And th' other's Fame. They quell'd but single Robbers,  
You will defeat thousands of Rebels. They  
Help'd some poor Village, or some Town perhaps,  
You will redeem a Nation.

*Mach.* Thou say'st something;  
But I shall break my faith.

*Eum.* To whom? to those  
That have before broke theirs unto their Prince?

*Mach.* They'l curse me too.

*Eum.* As bold *Macheffs* hunts not  
The Praise of People, so she can contemn  
Their Curse, when she doth well. Consider too  
Nations will curse you more if you assist 'em.

*Mach.* But 'tis against my Order to deceive.

*Eum.* 'Tis more against your Order to assist  
Rebellious Persons 'gainst their King. Besides,  
Doth not your Oath enjoyn you to relieve  
Distressed men? who more distressed now  
Than is the King, and th' Army? fear not words;  
You are not Treacherous unto them, but faithfull  
Unto your self. Why stands this Helmet here?  
VVhy do you wear this Fauchion? to what use  
Carry this Javelin?

*Mach.* Not to help women; no,

Men



Men are my Oath. All shall be sent *Eumela*,  
The King must have it : wee'l be famous —

*Eum.* But

You must be secret 'till it all come in.

*Mach.* And you'l assist me in the sending of 't ?

*Eum.* Take you no care for that, 'tis done.

*Mach.* But will

The Queen not take it ill ?

*Eum.* 'Tis her great fear,

You'l scarce be brought to yeeld it up. Away,

Go, and delude 'em on, y'are safe, and may

Deceive in Conscience now.

*Mach.* Bellona blest thee !

[*Exit Macheffa.*

*Eum.* But how shall we now convey it to 'em ?

# ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

*To her Philondas and Pæstanus as having stohn from  
the Army.*

—Heav'n's of the Plot ! No fitter men. *Jove* bless me !

My Lord *Philondas*, and my Lord *Pæstanus* !

'His your appearance to me's like the first

Appearance to a new admitted Priest,

And I am quite as doubtfull now as he,

Not knowing whether 't be my fancy, or

The God, that makes the Vision.

*Phil.* Dear *Eumela*,

Thou know'st we do appear to Ladies still

In very flesh and bloud. Though we may talk

Of spirituall Love, my Lord, and I, you know,

Could ne'r creep in at Key-holes yet ; I'm sure

We pay for th' opening of the doors, *Eumela*.

*Eum.* My Lord you make *Pæstanus* blush.

*Pæst.* I hope

I am not so ill bred *Eumela*.

*Eum.* Troth

The Camp hath spoyl'd you both. The *Cretan* Ladies  
They say are far beyond our *Cyprus* Dames.

*Phi.* Yes to cleave Logs, and carry Burthens,

*Eum.* But

I mean for Beauty.

*Phi.* In whose Eyes, *Eumela*?

In the Town-Buls?

*Eum.* They say the Gods have chang'd  
Shapes, to come down, and visit 'em.

*Past.* 'Twas that

They might be like 'em then.

*Phi.* For *Jove* could never

Be a fit Husband for 'em, till he had  
Got horns, and hoofs.

*Eum.* Saw you no Children there?

*Past.* What then *Eumela*? ha'n't you read of Creatures  
That have Conceiv'd by th' Air? —

*Phi.* Don't think of any

Such thing as man? The Wind and Sun *Eumela*,  
Get all the Children there; that makes 'em bluster,  
And rage so furiously when they are old.

*Past.* Come, we lose time; where is *Malthora* prethee?

*Phi.* Answer him not; by *Venus*, these young Husbands  
Are as impatient as a hungry Courtier,  
Or a rich Heir come newly to his Means;  
Do you hear me ask for *Florina* yet?

*Eum.* 'Tis not in fashion, Sir, to love your Lady —

*Phi.* At least you ought not to profess it.

*Past.* I

Dare swear, though none professeth less, yet none  
Loves more than you my Lord.

*Phi.* 'Tis i'th' dark then;

Day-light and Love are two things. But, *Eumela*,

What

What do they do for Men now we are absent ?  
Do they take Physick, or else Pray ?

*Eum.* My Lord,  
Their Grievs are in your places,

*Phi.* Have their sighs  
Got Limbs, and Bodies ? Can their sadness give 'em  
Comfort at Midnight ?

*Eum.* They possess it with  
A kind of sweetness, are so tender of it,  
That should they part with it, they'd think they had  
A second loss.

*Past.* How can they pass away  
Their time with that ?

*Eum.* Why 'tis as necessary  
To them as Friend, or Confident.

*Past.* But tell me  
How does *Malthora* bear it ?

*Eum.* Sir, she finds  
That solitude in her self, that others do  
Look for in Defarts.

*Past.* Come my Lord, let's go  
And help 'em to sigh for us.

*Eum.* They're to come  
Hither my Lord ; pray stand behind these hangings  
Till I discover the whole Scene ; In quickly.  
Here, here they come.

*Ex. Past. and Phi.*

### ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

*To Her Florina, Malthora.*

*Mal.* **B**less me *Eumela* ! I  
Must get me Mens apparell, and go see  
How all things stand abroad ; I did but close  
Mine Eyes, and presently me thought the Ghost

Of

Of my *Pastanns* did appear before me,  
Wounded, and bloody, and as soon as I  
Went to embrace him, vanish'd into air.

*Eum.* You are so fearfull, Madam, and do fancy  
Danger and death so strongly, that if he  
Were at this instant present here before you  
You'd not beleeeve your Eyes. Madam *Florina*  
What's that you look on so?

*Flor.* It is, *Eumela*,  
The Picture of my Lov'd *Philondas*, as  
He had his Armour on, (and O the Heav'ns  
That he should ever be in such a Habit )  
But Fates would have it so ; 'twas young *Protopogenes*  
'Took it before he went. Me thinks it sometimes  
Deth move, and alter Colour, and endeavour  
To get loose, and come out.

*Eum.* Have you the Picture  
Of your Lord Madam too?

*Mal.* Yes here, *Eumela*,  
Drawn by the same hand : is't not very like him?

*Eum.* Methinks they're neither true : I've both their  
Though not in Armour, and as I remember (Statues,  
They don't agree with them.

*Flor.* Pray y' let's examine  
To pass the time a while.

*Eum.* I've newly put 'em  
Both into Habits, and me thinks they look  
So fresh, and lively, that I might mistake 'em,  
But that I know they're absent ; look you here. { She draws  
the hangings  
and shews  
'em.  
Does not this look more like *Philondas* far,  
And this more like *Pastanns* than the Tablets?  
You must not come too near : I'll leave y' a while  
To view, and judge. [Exit *Eumela*.

*Flor.* Good Heav'ns ! my Lord *Philondas* !

*Mal.*

*Mal.* My dear *Pastanus* !

*Phil.* I am come you see  
A pretty jant here to fulfil the longing  
Of a young Novice-Husband.

*Past.* The first day  
That *Hymen* joyn'd us, brought not truer joy  
Unto my Soul than this.

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

*To them Eumela.*

*Eum.* MY Lords, the Queen  
Is come to make a visit to your Ladies :

What will you do ?

*Phil.* Go and conduct her in. [*Ex. Phil. Past.*

*Eum.* Now Madam? does your Husband vanish, when  
You offer to embrace him ?

*Mal.* O *Eumela*

He's gone already. This his short appearance  
Is only as th' appearance of a Star  
To one that's perishing in a Tempest.

*Flor.* 'Tis

Only to let us die with some more Comfort.  
Were they to stay *Eumela*——

*Eum.* This disjoyning  
Of Bodies, only is to knit your hearts ;  
You'll form their Pictures in your Thoughts perhaps,  
And once or twice more look behind the Hangings.

*Mal.* Peace good *Eumela* ! here's the Queen.

ACT.



## ACT. IV. SCEN. V.

To them *Adrasfe, Philondas, Pafstannus*.

*Adr.* **C***Haristius,*  
Heir to the *Cretan* Kingdom lost say you?

*Phi.* Yes, and suspected to lye hid in *Cyprus*.

*Adr.* And this is that doth stop the War?

*Past.* This, and  
Th' Equality of Forces.

*Adr.* Do our men  
Awake, and rouze themselves?

*Phi.* Rich noble Spirits,  
And Minds that have kept Altars burning still,  
To Glory break out dayly, shewing how  
Peace and Religion did not sink, but calm 'em :  
This blast will swell 'em big, and high, and make 'em  
Ride Conquerours o'r the Flouds.

*Adr.* They do not sleep then?

*Phi.* No, nor watch lazily ; the World will see,  
He, whose blest goodness hath kept War from us,  
Hath not took Courage from us too ; When his  
Sad study'd Councils did remove the danger,  
They did not then remove the Mind. The Arm  
Of this days *Cyprus*, if provok'd, will strike  
As deep as *Cyprus* six Olympiads backwards,  
And the unquiet *Cretan* shall appear  
But as he did of old, our Exercise,  
More than our Foe : a people that we suffer  
To breath, and be, to keep our selves in breath.

*Adr.* What doth the King?

*Past.* More than the meanest souldier,  
Yet still comes fresh from Actions : his Commands  
Are great, but his Examples greater still.

*Phil.*

*Phi.* With his uncover'd head he dares the Thunder,  
 Sights hail and snow, and wearies out a Tempest,  
 Then after all he shakes himself, and gives  
 Rain, as the Heavens did before, but with  
 A more serene Aspect. He doth exact  
 Labour, and hardness, hunger, heat, and cold,  
 And dust, as his Prerogatives, and counts them  
 Only his serious Pleasures; Others Wars  
 Are not so manly as his Exercises,  
 And pitch'd Fields often are more easie service  
 Than his meer Preparations.

*Adr.* 'Tis enough;  
 Y' have spoke a Composition, so made up  
 Of Prince and Souldier, that th' admiring World  
 May imitate, not equall. Come, my Lords,  
 I have a business to employ you back with. *Exeunt.*

## ACT. IV. SCEN. VI.

*Lucasia, Eumela, Charistus, Olyndus.*

*Luc.* I must confess, had not this Action been  
 Tainted with private Interest, but born  
 From zeal unto the Publique, then it might  
 Have been read Valour, as it is, it will  
 Be stil'd but Fury.

*Eum.* Madam it had then  
 Been only Valour, now 'tis Love and Valour.

*Luc.* Where those Religious Names, King, Country,  
 Are trampled over, can you call it Valour? (Father,

*Cha.* If trampled o'r for you. To hazard all  
 These holy Names, of Subject unto King,  
 Of Prince to Country, and of Son to Father,  
 And whil'st I spar'd to shed the smallest drop

Of

Of Bloud, that might be once call'd yours, to have  
That ignominious Name of Coward hurl'd on me,  
And take up all their Places; what else is it  
But to esteem your self a Prize, that doth  
Absolve me from all these, and make me stand  
Above the rate of mortals.

*Olyn.* Father, Country,  
State, Fortunes, Commonwealth, th'are Names that Love  
Is not concern'd it; that looks higher still,  
And oversees all these.

*Luc.* It is not Love then;  
For that, as it is Valiant, so it is  
Just, Temperate, Prudent, summons all those Noble  
Heroick Habits into one rich Ma's,  
And stamps them Honour.

*Eum.* But that Honour is  
A Valour beyond that of Mortals, striving  
Who shall possess most of this Mole-hill Earth.

*Olyn.* That Honour is a Justice, that doth see  
Measures, and Weights, Axes, and Rods below it.

*Ez.* A Temperance not concern'd in Meats, and Wines.

*Olyn.* A Prudence that doth write *Charistus* now  
A better Patriot, than the sober'st Statesman  
That plots the good of *Crete*.

*Luc.* If he that cares not  
For things, be thence above them; if he sees  
More nobly, that doth draw the Veyl before  
His Eyes to Lower Objects, then *Charistus*  
Soares high, and nothing escapes him.

*Cha.* Fair *Lucasia*,  
I am not so immodest, as to challenge  
The least of these my self: but yet in that  
I love your Vertues, they are all mine own,

*Luc.* And yet you fear'd I was anothers, whom  
I durst not publicquely avow. Do y' think

My Love could stoop to such Contrivances?  
Or if I meant a subject of such worth,  
I needed to pretend a Prince?

*Olyn.* It is not

*Lucasia's* Love, that dares not call the Eye  
Of Day to try it: But where Love's engag'd  
To such a Treasure as your self, what can  
Be thought secure? It stands and watches still,  
And fears it's very helps; could any love  
*Lucasia* and be careles, 'twere a fault  
Would make him not deserve her.

*Luc.* Could you then

Think I could be so impious unto Love  
As to divide *Eumela* and *Olyndus*?  
Or else so treacherous unto Friendship, as  
To part *Eumela* and my self? Being Hearts  
Are Temples, and both sorts of Love most Sacred,  
To have wrong'd either had been Sacrilege  
Worthy the horrid'st Thunder.

*Eum.* Love drinks in

All that may feed suspicion, but is deaf  
To what may clear it; 'tis engag'd so much  
To th' Object, that it views the Object only,  
And weighs not what attends it.

*Luc.* Where the Heart

Offends, you blame the Passion. Love it self  
Is never undiscrēt, but he that Loves.

*Cha.* Wildome and Love at once were never yet  
Permitted to a God, I must not then  
Presume they meet in me. If Love admits  
Discretion, if it Ponder, and Consider,  
Search, and Compare, and Judge, and then Resolve;  
'Tis Policy, not Affection: give it Eyes,  
Counsell, and Order, and it ceaseth. What  
Though it first brake from out the Chaos? 'twas

To make another in the Creature. Distance,  
Figure, and Lineament are things that come  
From something more Advis'd ; Love never leads,  
It still transports. The Motions which it feels  
Are Fury, Rapture, Extasie, and such  
As thrust it out full of Instinct, and Deity,  
To meet what it desires.

*Luc.* Alas ! it self

Hath Eyes, but 'tis our Blindness that doth veyl them :  
If Love could not consist with Wisdom, then  
The World were govern'd by one generall Madness.

*Olynd.* 'Tis not deni'd but that we may have Wisdom  
Before we Love, as men may have good Eyes  
Before they fix them on the Sun : but dwell they  
A while upon it, and they straight grow blind  
From those admired Beauties.

*Luc.* But if Love

Do not consider, why then doth it fear ?  
Why doth it form *Chimeras* to it self,  
And set up Thought 'gainst Thought ? why is't alike  
Tortur'd with Truth, and Falshood ? why afflicted  
As much from Doubts, as Certainties ?

*Cba.* This is

Not from Distrust, but Care ; Love is not perfect  
Till it begins to fear. It doth not know  
The worth of that it seeks, unless it be  
Anxious, and troubled for it : And this is  
Not any thought of Blemish in the thing  
It loves, but only Study to preserve it.

*Lu.* Who puts a Snake 'mongst Flowers to preserve 'em  
Or who pours Poyson into Crystill that  
It may be kept from cracking ? Jealousie  
What art thou ? thou couldst not come down from Hea-  
For no such Monsters can inhabit there.

*Eum.* Nor can it spring from Hell ; for it is born

(v'n)



Of Love, and there is nought but Hate.

*Luc.* Pray y' tell me  
Who joyn'd it unto Love? who made them swear  
So firm a Friendship?

*Olyn.* The same Deity  
That joyn'd the Sun and Light, the same that knits  
The Life and Spirit.

*Luc.* These preserve each other:  
But that doth twine and wreath it self about  
Our growing Loves, as Ivy 'bout the Oak;  
We think it shelters, when (alas!) we find  
It weakens, and destroys.

*Emm.* It is not Jealousie  
That ruins Love, but we our selves, who will not  
Suffer that fear to strengthen it; Give way  
And let it work, 'twill fix the Love it springs from  
In a staid Center.

*Luc.* What it works I know not,  
But it must needs suppose Defect in one,  
Either Defect of Merit in the Lover,  
Or in the Lov'd, of Faith; you cannot think  
That I give Others Favours, when your self  
Boast such a store of Merits.

*Cha.* O *Lucasia*,  
Rather than be so impious as to think  
That you want Faith, I must confess a want  
Of Merit in my self; (which would there were not.)  
And being it is so, I was compell'd  
To fear lest one more worthy than my self  
Might throw me from my happiness. Consider  
That you are born t' enrich the Earth, and then  
If you will have one Love and not be Jealous,  
You must convert your Eye upon your Eye,  
(v'n) Make your own Heart Court your own Heart, and be  
Your self a servant to your self.

*Luc.* But doth not  
This Passion cease at last?

*Olyn.* It ceaseth to  
Disturb, but still remains to quicken Love;  
As Thunder ceaseth when't hath purg'd the Air,  
And yet the Fire which caus'd it still remains  
To make it move the livelier.

*Luc.* Were it quiet,  
What Hand, *Charistus*, would More sweetly move  
The Orbs of this our Island? who fetch in  
More frequent Conquests? and who more become  
The Triumphs than your self?

*Cha.* Believe *Charistus*  
Dreams; Errours, false Opinions, slippery Hopes,  
And Jealous Fears are now his Spoyl, his Captives,  
And follow Love's Triumphant Chariot, which  
His Soul sits high in, and o'looks the vain  
Things of this lower World.

*Luc.* *Lucasia* did  
Only retire, not flie; Let's to the Grove,  
And by the Consummation of our Loves  
Under those Myrtles ( which as yet perhaps  
Preserve the blushing Marks of those your Angers )  
Appease th' offended Goddess.

*Olyn.* This your Union  
Will make your Kingdoms joyn; *Cyprus* and *Crete*  
Will meet in your Embraces.

*Enum.* Our Hearts are  
Love's ord'nary Employment; 'tis a Dart  
Of a more scattering Metall that strikes you;  
When he wounds Princes, he wounds Nations too.

*Exeunt*

AC Will  
Ca

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Pandena, Cosmista, Rhodia, meeting Macheffa  
and Philanis.*

*Cos.* **L**ady *Macheffa*, opportunely met.  
*Pan.* What store of Arms prepar'd?

*Mach.* The Country's layd ;  
Spits, Andirons, Racks, and such like Utensils  
Are in the very Act of Metamorphosis ;  
Art is now sitting on them, and they will  
Be hatch'd to Engins shortly.

*Pan.* Pray y' how doth  
The Muster-Roule encrease ?

*Mach.* As fast as *Chloe*  
Can take their Names ; we shall be all great Women.

*Phil.* Pray y' what Reward shall you and I have Lady?

*Mach.* Why I will be the Queen o'th' *Amazons*,  
And thou o'th' *Pigmies*.

*Phil.* I, but who shall place us  
In the *Amazonian*, and *Pigmean* Throne?

*Mach.* Who but our swords *Philanis* ? when we have  
Settled the Government here at home , we will  
Lead out an Army 'gainst those Warlike Dames,  
And make 'em all our Vassals.

*Phil.* These left handed  
Ladies are notable Politicians.

The King of *Monomotapa* you may  
Be sure will be your Enemy, or else  
The Book deceives me. But the *Agags* they  
Will sure be for you.

*Cos.* Who may the *Agags* be ?

*Phi.* Why a black ugly People, that do turn  
The inside of their Eye-lids outward, that  
They may look lovely; if they catch the *Amazons*,  
They sowce 'em straight, as we do Pig, by quarters,  
Or else do pickle 'em up for Winter Sallads.

*Mac.* How did you come by all this Knowledge *Phil*?  
You are a learned Page.

*Phil.* Lady, do y' think  
I never read to th' Women in the Nurs'ry?  
But will you lose one of your Breasts? 'tis pitty  
That your left Pap should be burnt off.

*Mach.* Why Gyr! ?  
What use will there be of it?

*Phi.* To give suck.  
You must go seek out some brave *Alexander*,  
And beg some half-a dozen of Children of him,  
Or else you'll be no true bred *Amazon*.

*Pan.* Must they have *Macedonian* Fathers then?

*Phil.* I think the *Amazonian* Queen doth swear  
To no such Article when She is Crown'd;  
But ord'narily they do so; yet howe'r  
Your Grace may send for the three Courtiers,  
That you deliver'd from these Ladies here,  
They would be glad to be employ'd in any  
Such State-affairs. But I'd almost forgot  
The *Pigmies* Conquest.

*Pho.* Have you read of them too?

*Phil.* Though some say that their Souls are only stopt  
Into their Bodies, just as so much Quick-silver  
Is put into hot Loves, to make 'em dance  
As long as th' heat continues; yet, beleeve it,  
They are a subr'le Nation, a most shrew'd  
Advising People.

*Cos.* How 'i you then subdue them?

*Phil.* By Policy, set Hays, and Traps, and Springs,

And

And Pitfalls for 'em. And if any do  
Dwell in the Rocks, make holes upon the top  
As deep as Cups, and fill 'em up with Wine;  
You shall have one come presently, and sip,  
And when he finds the sweetness, cry *Chin, Chin*:  
Then all the rest good Fellows straight come out,  
And tipple with him till they fall asleep;  
Then we may come and pack 'em up in Hampers,  
Or else in Hand-baskets, and carry 'em whither  
We please our selves.

*Mach.* A notable Stratagem!  
You'll never leave your Policies *Phil.*

*Pbi.* But yet  
We must draw out some Souldiers howe'r.

*Cof.* There's no great need of souldiers; Their Camp's  
No larger than a Ginger-bread Office.

*Pan.* And the Men little bigger.

*Phil.* What half Heretick  
Book tels you that?

*Rho.* The greatest sort they say  
Are like stone-pots with Beards that do reach down  
Unto their knees.

*Cof.* They're carri'd to the Wars then  
As Chickens are to Market, all in Dorfers,  
Some thirty Couple on a Horse.

*Phil.* You read  
Only Apocryphall History. Beleeve me  
They march most formally: I know't there will  
Be work enough for Souldiers.

*Mach.* Wee'l train up  
All the young Wenches of the City here  
On purpose for this Expedition,  
And't shall be call'd the Female War.

*Phil.* I fear  
They won't be strong enough to go against 'em;



They have an Enemy doth vex 'em more  
Than Horse or Man can.

*Mach.* Who, the Cranes you mean?  
I'll beg a Patent of Her Majesty  
To take up all that fly about the Country,  
For the *Pigmean* Service

*Phil.* I, but who  
Shall's have to Discipline 'em so, that we  
May fly 'em at them off our fists?

*Mach.* They fly  
In a most war-like Figure naturally:  
However we may have a Net cast o'r  
Th' Artyllery Yard, and send for th' Gentleman  
That bridles Stags, and makes 'em draw Caroches,  
Hee'l exercise 'em in a Month or two,  
And bring 'em to it easily.

*Phil.* We must carry  
Six or sev'n hundred of Bird-Cages  
And Cony-Coopes along with us.

*Mach.* For what?

*Phil.* T' imprison Rebels, and there feed 'em up  
With Milk, and Dazy-roots. I will so yerke  
The little Gentlemen.

*Cos.* You must not play  
The Tyrant o'r the Wretches.

*Phil.* You shall see [Draws her Sword.  
How I'll behave my self. This fore-side blow  
Cuts off thrice three, this back-blow thrice three more,  
This foreright thrust spits half a dozen of 'em,  
Bucklers and all, like so many Larkes with Sage  
Between them; then this down-right cleaves a stubborn  
Two-footed Rebell from the Crown o'r th' head  
Down to the twist, and makes him double forked  
Like a Turn Stile, or some such Engin. Others  
I'll knock pall-mall, and make the wretched Caitiffs

Measure

Measure their length upon their Mother Earth,  
And so bestride 'em, and cry Victory.

*Mach.* And what'll you do, when you are seated in  
The Throne, to win your Subjects Love *Philenis*?

*Phil.* I'll stand upon a Cricket, and there make  
Fluent Orations to 'em; call 'em Trusty  
And Well-beloved, Loyall, and True Subjects,  
And my good People: Then I'll mount on Horseback,  
Shew 'em my little Majesty, and scatter  
Five or six hundred single pence among 'em,  
Teach 'em good Language by cleft sticks, and Bay-leaves,  
And Civilize 'em finally by Puppet-Plays.

*Cos.* Most studi'd, and advis'd!

*Pan.* The heart of Wildome!

*Rho.* And Soul of Policy!

*Mach.* Come little Queen,  
Wee'll go and make her Majesty acquainted  
With all the Plot; 'twill take her certainly. *Exeunt.*

## ACT. V. SCEN. II.

*Adraste, Lucasia, Charistus, Olyndus, Eumela, Florina,  
Malthora, in Myrtle wreathes.*

*Adr.* **V** As all the Treasure ship'd?  
*Eum.* All, but the Pictures,  
And Statues, they'r reserv'd. I saw the Luxury,  
And wealth of *Cyprus* sail. The souldier doth  
By this time gaze upon't.

*Adr.* The news, *Charistus*,  
Of your Adventures here, I dare presume  
Hath joyn'd both Armies now. Me thinks I see  
The *Cyprians* standing here, the *Cretans* there,  
And, in a space between them, both Kings meeting

In

In a most strong Embrace, and so provoking  
Clamors and shouts from both sides, and a joyfull  
Clattring of Weapons.

*Cha.* Beautious Queen, your Vertues  
Are greater far than Fame; and you your self  
Greater than them! Though Gold and Purple do  
Adorn your head, yet you have Wove your self  
Far richer Diadems from your Royall Acts,  
And made your self Immortall by producing  
Immortall things. But though your wreath of Vertue  
Hath made what e'r the Sun beholds in all  
His courle enamor'd by you, yet if I  
May pull one single one from out the rest,  
There's none, for which you have more Altars rais'd  
Unto your Name, than for that Noble Love,  
Whose flames you keep still burning in your self,  
And cherish in all others.

*Adr.* Sir, you have Conquer'd  
A Princess, and in her a Queen: I am  
Th' addition to your Triumph, We ow much  
To you *Olyndus*.

*Olyn.* I can challenge nothing  
But my *Charistus* Friendship. 'Tis to him  
You ow these seeds of Peace. Although his Father  
Appear'd so tender of him, that when he  
Came hither secretly to view the Rites  
Of *Venus*, which *Lucasia* then perform'd,  
The aged Man hasted to th' Oracle  
To know what Fortune should attend his Son,  
And, for an unexpected answer, did  
Banish those Priests for which our King now fights:  
Yet for all this, ev'n in this heat of danger,  
H' hath made another Venture, and the Kingdom  
Now grieves his second loss.

*Adr.* Do you know the answer

That

That the God gave to his enquiring Father,  
For which the King did banish all the Priests?

*Olyn.* I may repeat it now, th' Event assures me  
It meant you no Misfortune. It was this;

*Charistus* (shall his Country save,  
If he become his Enemies Slave.

*Adr.* I hope th' Event will not fulfill it.

*Olyn.* 'Tis

Fulfill'd enough to make an Oracle true.

*Adr.* I hope you have no Enemies, and for Slave  
The Gods avert it!

*Olyn.* He's *Lucasia's* Servant,  
There's that fulfill'd; *Cyprus* is now reputed  
The Enemy to *Crete*; but as for true  
And reall Enemies to you *Charistus*,  
The World hath none so Barbarous; your Vertues  
Have under this disguise shew'd so much Prince,  
That they betrai'd you still to any Eye  
That could discern.

*Cha.* Honour'd *Olyndus*, you  
Outdo me still. Friends should be alwaies equal:  
You must take off, and pare your Vertues, that  
You may go even with me. I ow much  
To you, *Eumela*, too.

*Adr.* Her service hath  
Preserv'd the Kingdom, and refounded *Cyprus*.

*Cha.* Two Scepters are her Debtors.

*Adr.* But, *Eumela*,  
You might have told me sooner, that *Lucasia*  
Began to feel a Passion; you ne'r knew  
That I destroy'd true vertuous Loves; it is  
A pleasure to me to perceive their Buddings,  
To know their Minutes of Encrease, their Stealths,  
And silent Growings; and I have not spar'd  
To help, and bring them on.

*Enm.*

*Eum.* You have so favour'd  
 Agreeing Souls, that all the VWorld confesseth  
 Your own is perfect Harmony. But where  
 The God is Blind, should not the Creature be  
 Silent, and Close? That which is bred by whispers  
 VVould dye if once proclam'd.

*Cal.* If it were any,  
 It was a fault of Trust; 'tis more Injustice  
 To betray secret Love, than to make known  
 Counsels of State. *Cupid* hath his Cabinet,  
 To which, if any prove unfaithfull, he  
 straight wounds him with the Leaden Shaft, and so  
 They live tormented, and dye scorn'd.

*Adr.* No more;  
 'Tis well: I meant not to Accuse, but Praise.  
 Have you set some to watch, and signifie  
 The King's Return?

*Eum.* Three peacefull Courtiers,  
*Lerinus*, and *Ganyetor*, and *Iringus*,  
 Desir'd that they might bring the News, and so  
 Are gone unto the Port.

*Adr.* My Ladies, you  
 I hope will clear up now.

*Flor.* I have too much  
 Joy to express it.

*Mal.* Could you see my heart,  
 You'd view a Triumph there.

### ACT. V. SCEN. III.

To them *Philanis*.

*Phil.* **A**Nd't please your Highness  
 There are three Ladies wait without, who, if  
 You have a vacant Ear, are come t'inform you

Of



Of something neer concerns the State.

*Adr.* The old

Vexation's busie still ——— *Pandena* and  
*Cosmeta*, and the other ——— are they not?

Tell 'em they may come in — How shall we do,

*Eumela*, now to stop their Clamour?

[*Ex. Phi.*

*Eum.* 'Tis easie;

There's nothing yet provided; the Return  
O'th' King being now so sudden, 'twill amaze 'em,

And make 'em kneel for mercy to you, if

You do but threaten to disclose the Plot.

## ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

To them *Cosmeta*, *Pandena*, *Rhodis*.

*Adr.* **Y**our businests Ladies?

*Cosf.* Please you to dismiss  
Those Faces that have Beards?

*Adr.* Fear not, they shall not  
Betray your Counsels.

*Cosf.* Please your Highness then,  
There's fear that our Design will come to nought,  
Our Trust is falsifi'd.

*Adr.* How so?

*Cosf.* VVe came

To ask *Macheffa* about VVeapons, and  
She presently demands, how many cases

Of Knives, what Forks we have, Tosting, or Carving?

*Pan.* Talk we of Swords, she asks what Crisping Pins  
And Bodkins we could gueſs might eaſily be  
Rais'd through the Common-wealth?

*Rho.* VVe ſpake of Armour,  
She ſtraight replies, ſend in your ſteel Combs, with  
The Steels you ſee your Faces in, wee'l quickly

Con-

Convert 'em into Greaves, and Gorgets.

*Cof.* If

This be not treason 'gainst the Female State,  
Believe not Policy, nor me.

*Eum.* Why she

Was your own choice; you cri'd her up as one  
That having neither Child, nor Husband, would  
Take to her self the Commonwealth as both.

*Cof.* We do suspect your sadness sweet *Florinda*.

*Rho.* And your retir'dness too *Malthora*, (as  
Demure as you stand here) is deep engag'd:

*Pan.* Nor is *Eumela* free.

*Mal.* VVhence do you gather it?

*Cof.* Pray y' why those Myrtle wreaths? why your  
And your Doors Crown'd? (Gates drest?

*Flo.* In hope our Lords will shortly  
Enter, and Crown 'em more.

*Cof.* Most evident!

Can there be bolder Falshood? Did we not  
Agree to keep out Husbands from our City  
And our Minds too? And yet behold there are  
Garlands and Flowers prepar'd; and they to be  
Receiv'd as Lovers. Husbands are at best  
But a sad kind of pleasure; one good Look,  
And a Salute's enough at any time  
For the Good-man o'th' Family.

*Flo.* Pray y' allow

Affection more Expressions; Love doth cease  
To be, when that it breaks not out into  
Those signs of Joy; as Souls cease to be Souls  
VVhen they leave off to shew their Operations.

*Pan.* This is no time for vain Philosophy,  
VVe are to have a fine State of it shortly,  
VVhen Ladies once begin to utter Axioms,  
And raise a Faction 'gainst the seven Sages.

Act

## ACT. V. SCEN. V.

*Macheffa.*

*Mac.* **A**Nd't please your Highness; three Embassadors,  
Sent from the *Cretan* State, do crave admittance.

*Adr.* Usher 'em in. [*Ex. Ma.* [*Eum. whispers the Qu.*

*Cof.* There's life you see i'th' bus'ness;  
Let's yet be true. The fame of our Exploit  
Already makes us sought to. There's an Honour  
Not usuall too i'th' Number of 'em; when  
Arriv'd there three before from the same State?  
And't please you, let *Pandena*, *Rhodia*, and I,  
Manage their Entertainment?

*Adr.* Do so.

*Pan.* It shall

All be to th' honour of the Female State.

*Cof.* Prepar'd yourself *Pandena*; here they come.

## ACT V. SCENE VI.

To them *Macheffa* ushering *Lerinus*, *Iringus*, and *Ganyctor*,  
as Embassadors. (*Beautious.*

*Ler.* **M**ost Gracious, most Renowned, and most  
*Cof.* Pray y' be not troublesome; We're taken  
VVholy with the Affairs o'th' Kingdom now. (*up*

*Irin.* VVhen will your Ladiship have a Vacancy?

*Pan.* You are Impertinent; True Politicians  
Do never use to answer on the sudden.

*Rho.* It is not now as heretofore; the times  
Are grown more wise, and more reserv'd; there are  
Matters on foot far greater; you must wait —  
You are Embassadors.

*Gan.*

*Gen.* We should not think so,  
But that you're pleas'd to tell us so ; your usage  
Hath a far different Dialect from your Tongue.

*Cof.* Were there not VWomen in your Kingdom fit  
For this Imployment ? I perceive your State  
Is utterly unfurnish'd, that it cannot  
Send forth three Female Agents.

*Irin.* 'Tis not, Madam,  
The custome of our Master to commit  
His Kingdom's secrets to a peece of Chrystall ;  
That were not to Negotiate, but Betray.

*Pa.* You shall meet VWomen here, that are not Crystal,  
Those that will find out you, and hide themselves.

*Rho.* You shall not need the help of an Interpreter  
VWhen we give Audience ; Speak what Tongue you will  
You shall be understood, each one of us  
Hath more than one.

*Ler.* VVe easily beleeeve it,  
Though you should speak none else besides your Native.

*Cof.* Pray stand you by, and wait a while.

*Ler.* VVe obey.

*Cof.* Now will they think the better of us ; 'tis  
The way to bring our selves in Credit by  
Neglecting of 'em thus. I'd have 'em know  
VVe were to be saluted at their coming.

*Pa.* Their State is very unhappy, that it is  
So unprovided : I beleeeve these are  
The very wisest in the Kingdom ; for  
They have no Manners.

*Rho.* You guess rightly, Madam ;  
The greatest Counsellors and Lawyers scarce  
Know how to make a Leg.

ACT.

ACT.V. SCEN.VII.

To them *Philanis*.

*Phil.* **A** Rm, arm, arm, arm,  
The King, and Lords are within sight. Here  
Pray take my Sword, and Helmet. (Madam,

*Cof.* Worthy Gentlemen,  
Do y<sup>e</sup> come to proffer aid from th<sup>e</sup> *Cretan* King  
To help us 'gainst the Men ?

*Irin.* No Ladies : we  
Come but to tell you that the King is Landed, { *They discover*  
We are your fellow- Subjects. { *themselves.*

*Cof.* Fellow- Villaines  
Among your selves. *Eumela*, we may thank  
You for all this.

*Pan.* But Sister of the Sword,  
Great Lady Stickler —  
*Mach.* Be patient pray y<sup>e</sup> a while — Take you this Hel-  
And you this Fauchion Sir, and you this Lance; (met,  
Embassadours still must be dismiss'd with Presents.

*Rho.* Where is our Plate ?

*Pan.* Our Wealth ?

*Cof.* Our Jewels ?

*Mach.* Folly !

Did not my Order bind me to assist  
Distressed men ?

*Cof.* Who would e<sup>r</sup> trust a VVoman ?

*Mach.* The Queen will give y<sup>e</sup> a fair account.

*Adr.* 'Tis no

Time to debate things now. The truth is, all  
VVas ship'd, and sent the King, as one great Present  
From all the *Cyprian* VVomen. If you do  
Desire that he should know how it was rais'd,

f

For



For what intended, by what means diverted,  
I'll bid him spare his thanks, and tell him 'twas  
Not Bounty, but Misfortune that directed  
This vast Supply to him.

*Cos.* We hope your Highness  
Will be so Gracious to us, as to let us  
Make the best use yet of our Evils. 'Twill  
Be something, if that, which was meant Sedition,  
May now be took for Contribution,  
And we esteem'd Relievers of the Army.

*Adr.* I do engage my Royall word, you shall  
Be put in th' Annals, as good Members of  
The Cyprian Commonwealth. But heark, the noise!  
The Horics, Trumpets, Priests! They come! stand off.

ACT. V. SCEN. VIII.

To them 3 Priests of *Apollo* with wreaths of *Lawrell*,  
*Demarchus* and *Dinomachus* hand in hand, *Pastanus*,  
*Philondas*, *Souldiers*.

*The Priests standing on one side, and the Ladies on the other, leaving a free space between 'em, in which Demarchus and Adraste first meet. Then Dinomachus and Adraste receive Charistus and Lucosia; Then Philondas meets Malthora; Then the King and Queen joyn Oiyndus and Eumela; The rest then salute, and receive one another with welcome; while they all thus meet, the Priests on the one side, and the Ladies on the other, sing thus interchangeably.*

1 Priest, **A** Pollo, who foretelt'st what shall ensue,  
None speaks more Dark than thou, but none  
More true;

If Heard, Obscure; but yet if Seen, most Bright;  
Day's in thy Visage, in thy Sayings Night.

Pr. Cho. Day's in thy Visage, in thy Sayings Night.

*So thous priests Souldiers*

1 La

1 Lady. *Venus makes good what he Detress,  
And Love fulfils what he foresees,  
Thus Gods help Gods, thus Mortals owe  
Much to the Bayes, much to the Bow.*

La. Cho. *Much to the Bayes, much to the Bow.*

2 Priest. *Phœbus as Present shewes us future things,  
Our Trivets Counsell give, our Trees teach Kings,  
And whilst our Oracle instructs the State,  
What e'r the Priest shall say the God makes Fate.*

Pr. Cho. *What e'r the Priest shall say the God makes Fate.*

2 Lady. *What are your Trivets to Loves wings?  
They Teach, but these do Conquer Kings:  
Venus to Fate adds all the blis',  
She that makes Doves, makes Kingdoms kifs.*

La. Cho. *She that makes Doves makes Kingdoms kifs.*

La. & Pr. *Thus then the Myrtle and the Bayes we joyne,*

Chorus. *And in one Wreath Wisdom and Love Combine.*

*Dem.* I never reign'd till now. You needed not  
Have lent that Ample Treasure; I had all  
Wealth in your Loves. Come, Great *Dinomachus*,  
As they joyne'd Voices, to let us joyne Hearts.

*Dino.* Sir, your Embraces vanquish far beyond  
Your Sword, though happy; you march Conquerour  
More by a Glorious Peace, than if your Arm  
Had scatter'd Deaths still as you pass'd; your Throne  
Grows hence; y' have gain'd what e'r you have not ruin'd;  
Your Pow'r rules *Cyprus*, but your Fame the World.

*Dem.* Hate only is between th' Ignoble, when  
The Good dissent, tis only difference,  
No malice; Vertue flames in both, and so  
Each must the other Love; their Discords are

More blameless than th' Embraces of the Bad;  
 'Tis to stand off, rather than bear a Grudge.  
 And if they fight, when e'r they do lay down  
 Their VVeapons, they lay down their Anger too.  
 As we affect then to seem good, and are so,  
 Let one Oblivion wrap up what hath past  
 On either side.

*Dino.* But I must first ask Pardon;  
 I've wrong'd a Deity. Great *Apollo*, be  
 Thou still propitious. Here I do restore  
 Thy Blameless Priests. VVhat was but only Darknes,  
 I thought Contrivance; and the Priest not Loyall,  
 Because the God was pleas'd to be obscure:  
 But now th' Event lends light to that, and Me;

*And my Charistus doth his Connry save  
 By being thus become his Enemy's Slave.*  
 Peace rest upon 'em both; *Apollo* spoke it,  
 And *Venus* hath perform'd it.

*Dem.* As they joyn'd  
 To make us happy, so let us pay back  
 United Thanks, and joyn their Deities in  
 A double Feast. It is not Mens Lot only  
 To need each other; ev'n the Pow'rs themselves  
 Give and take help. Affection brings about  
 VVhat Counsell cannot. Thus the Gods have lent  
 Love unto VVisdome for an Instrument.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

The



## The EPILOGUE.

**T**Hough we well know the Neighbouring Plain  
Can strike from Reeds as high a Strain,  
And that the Scrip, and Crook  
May worst our Poet's Book;  
Like Fayries yet we here could stay  
Till Village Cocks proclame the Day:  
And whiles your Pleasure is the Theam,  
Feed and keep up the Dream.

But Sleep beginning now to shed  
Poppies on every Bed,  
Love stay'd his hands, and said our Eyes  
This Night were made his Prize:  
And now (instead of Poppies) flings  
These wishes on you from his wings.

The Calm of Kingdoms new made Friends,  
When both enjoy their Hopes, and Ends,  
The like in you Create,

And make each Mind a State:  
The thoughts of Princes, when they do  
Meet Princes to coyne Princes too,  
Possess your Breasts with Fire and Youth,  
And make each dream a Truth:

The Joyes of Friendship after Fight,  
Of Love's first happy Night,  
Of Lords return'd, make you still greet,  
As when you first did meet.

And, quitted thus from Grief and Fear,  
Think you enjoy a Cyprus here.

# The Epitome

The Epitome of the Christian Religion  
as it is contained in the Holy Scriptures  
and the Apostles Creed  
and the Lord's Prayer  
and the Ten Commandments  
and the Sacraments  
and the Christian's Duty  
and the Christian's Hope  
and the Christian's Charity

The Christian's Duty  
The Christian's Hope  
The Christian's Charity

The Christian's Hope  
The Christian's Charity

The Christian's Charity



